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DECEMBER 1943

The American Mercury

THE ONLY ROAD TO PEACE

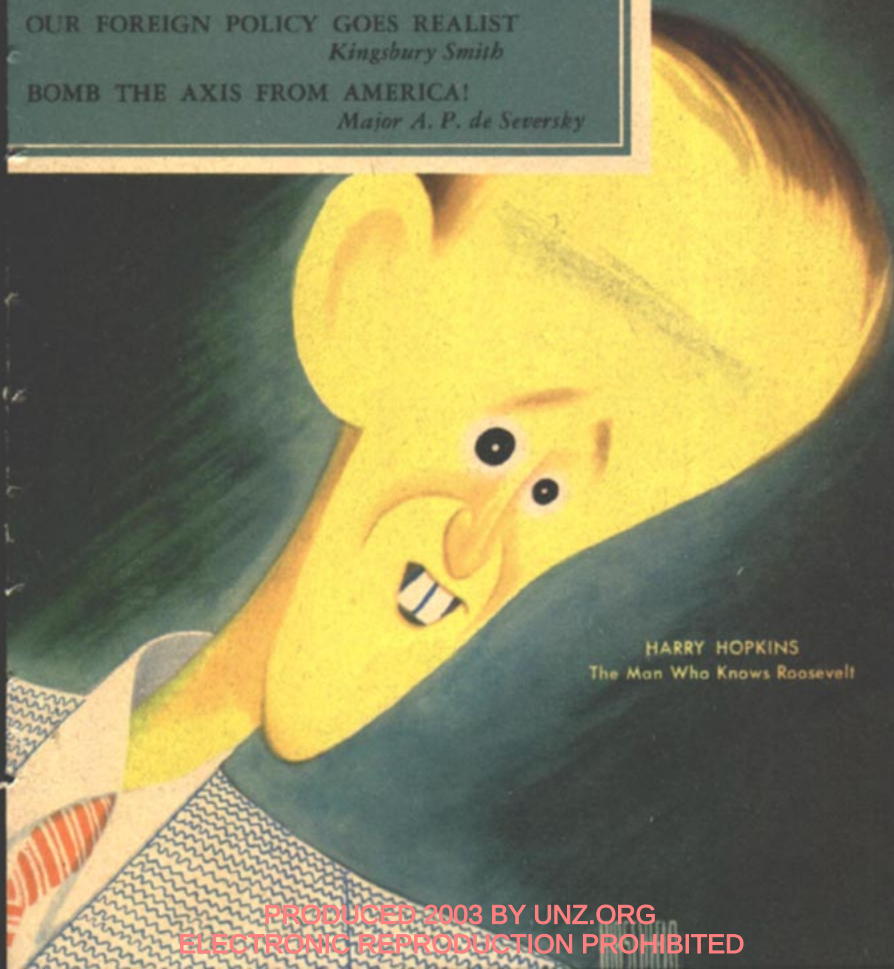
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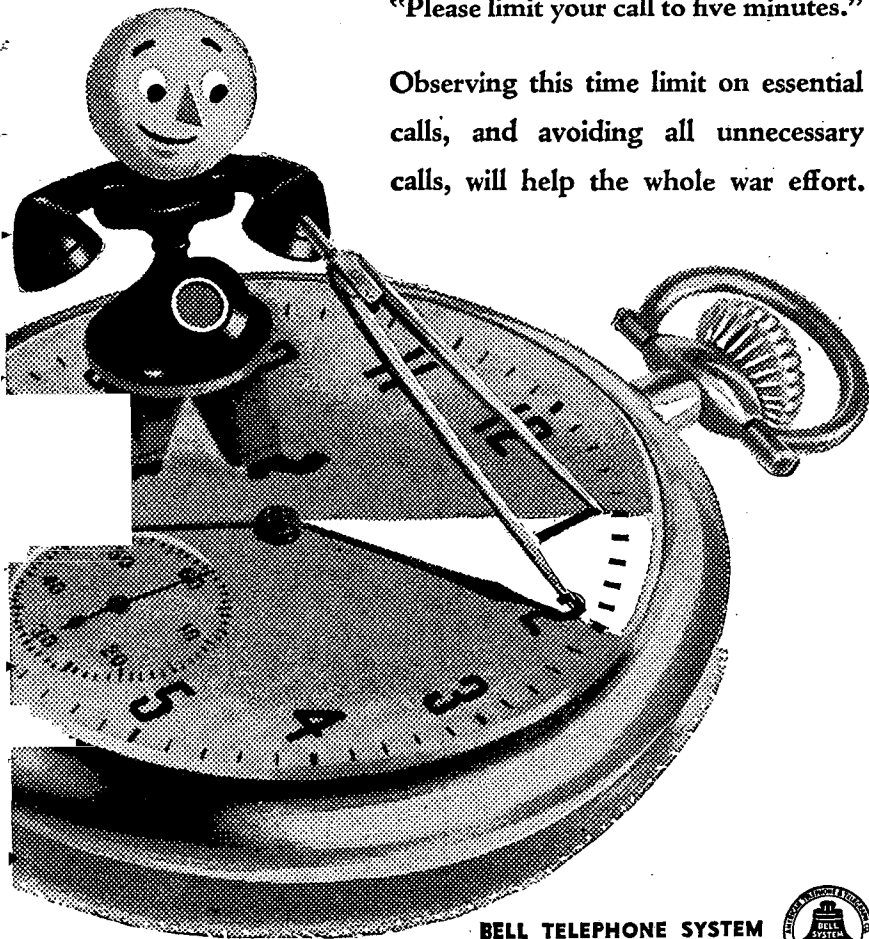
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(Continued on page 757)

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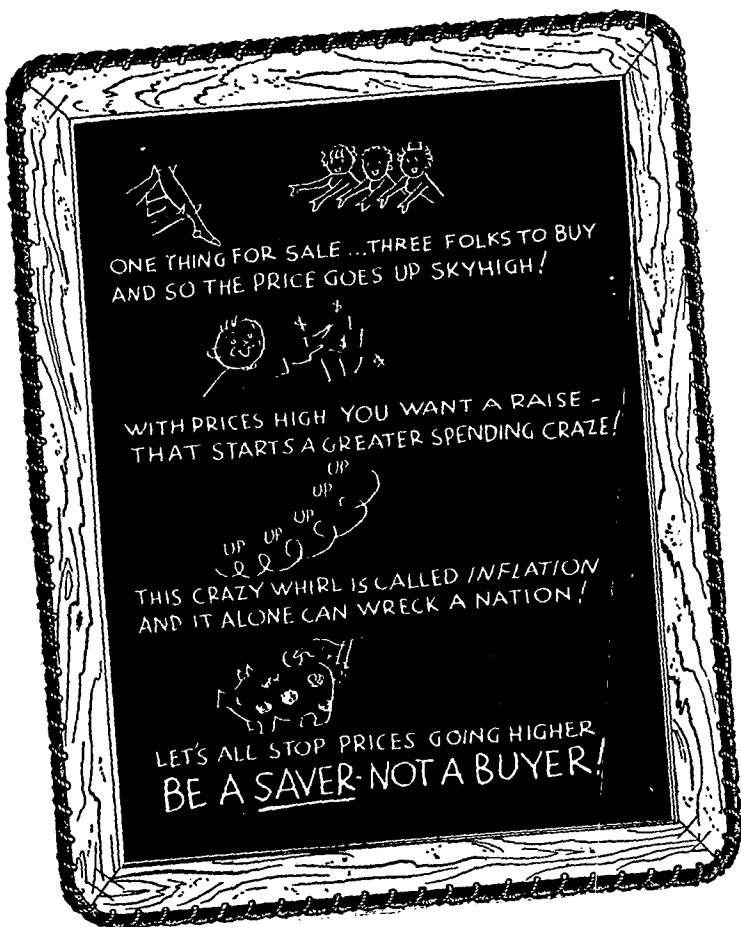
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The American MERCURY

THE ONLY ROAD TO PEACE

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

SINCE man has lived with any degree of political consciousness on this earth, his prophets have predicted for him the coming of eternal peace. Actually there are only three known or projected ways of keeping the peace. Two have been tried. One has been dreamed of.

The golden ages of relative peace in the past have been achieved either by the monopolization of power by a single state, or by a Balance of Power. The third way — world organization for mutual protection — has never been tried under conditions that gave it a chance of working.

The outstanding example of the first way of keeping world peace was the *Pax Romana*. The outstanding example of the second way was the *Pax Britannica*. The outstanding attempt of the third — an attempt that failed — was the League of Nations.

Neither of the great ages of the *Pax Romana* and the *Pax Britannica* was without wars. But there was no major war in either epoch that threatened the peace of the greater part of the world. The limited wars in these epochs were of three types: punitive expeditions for maintaining the *status quo*; expeditions for the enlargement of the

DOROTHY THOMPSON is the celebrated columnist and political commentator. She has spent many years in Europe and is the author of several books, the most recent of which is *Listen, Hans*.

already consolidated world, peaceful within itself; conflicts between minor states inside the general framework. In both eras no one dared to challenge the existing system, although inside the system minor parts of it might challenge each other. The wars were, therefore, comparatively mild, and never a life-and-death threat to the stability of the existing world order.

The *Pax Romana* was based upon the domination of the world of that time by a single power. It began by a series of wars in which all possible rivals were gradually eliminated by Rome. The first and most formidable of these was Carthage, which was utterly destroyed after three long wars. The city-state of Carthage had large colonies, all around the Mediterranean, especially in Sicily and Spain. The colonies were annexed to Rome, and Carthage reduced to rubble. In the lifetime of the Roman Empire — for more than five hundred years — neither Carthage nor anyone else in the Mediterranean caused any trouble to anyone.

Rome's wars with Macedonia were of the same nature, on a lesser scale. They were successful struggles to defeat possible rivals. The wars after those were for expansion either into territories left a political vacuum by the defeat of previous

rivals, such as Egypt and Greece, or among tribes not yet consolidated into political unities, as in the wars against the "tribes" in Gaul, Western and Southern Germany, Southern England and the Balkans. At the end of these wars Rome was undisputed master of the known world, and no wars could occur except such as she tolerated because they in no way threatened that mastery.

Brutal as were the means of achieving this peace, the impression left upon mankind was so deep that centuries after the breakdown of the Roman Empire the world, looking backward, has often longed for a revival of the unity and stability it represented. Indeed, this Roman idea is also Hitler's idea. It is the core of his New World Order. In *Mein Kampf* he says, "The pacifist humane idea might be a very good one, if first one man were able to make himself master of the world."

The *Pax Britannica* was based on the principle of a Balance of Power. Britain never accepted the Roman theory, and there were several good reasons for this self-denial.

Beginning with the Sixteenth Century, a unique set of circumstances, rather than consciously directed intention, contributed to making Britain the leading nation

of the world. One was the great age of geographical discovery and exploration, with consequent rivalry between seapowers for colonial opportunities. The three greatest seapowers of those days were Britain, France and Spain. Their rivalry produced a series of wars which ended with Britain as victor and France and Spain driven back into limited spheres of interest. Another factor was the industrial revolution, in which Britain, by reason of her coal and iron resources and an economy free and progressive for those times, and huge mercantile opportunities made possible by her domination of the seas, got a head start over everybody else. The two things tied together. Britain, in those days, was in the position of the United States today — unquestionably the most highly developed industrial nation on earth.

Why, then, did she not achieve the status of the Roman Empire?

First, because the known world was no longer the restricted area of the Mediterranean basin and its hinterlands. Exploration had opened the globe. It took all the strength of Britain to achieve unquestioned *superiority* in this world. She was never strong enough for absolute *mastery*. When the British world started there were already a great

many highly organized states. The defeat of Spain did not settle the issue. Austria, Russia and Prussia were on the map. France was finally defeated in the Napoleonic wars, only with the aid of Russia, Prussia and Austria, and they all had something to say in the settlement. At no moment could Britain have taken on the whole known world. She had to confine her expansions to areas where she would be least contested and never contested by strong combinations.

Secondly, the rising tide of nationalism was against world domination by one nation. Nationalism was, from the beginning, synonymous with freedom, in the sense of national independence, and was based on popular desires, not upon dynastic considerations. Britain, therefore, lost North America, not to foreigners of a different breed, but to Englishmen who had ceased to think of themselves as Englishmen, but as Americans.

Incapable of emulating Rome and establishing world dominion, Britain succeeded in establishing her unquestioned superiority and on that seemingly slender basis maintained the *Pax Britannica*. She achieved it through the Balance of Power. It was fragile; it was a work of art; and it took great political finesse. But it endured for

approximately a century. This was the century in which the United States grew up, under the protection of the *Pax Britannica*, and got the idea that peace is a sort of normal law of nature. Other nations likewise developed their forces and resources — and therewith the world moved toward unbalancing the balance.

What is, or was, the Balance of Power?

The British genius — the genius of a world-minded and politically mature people — divided the world into areas. In each of these areas — Europe, East Asia, Africa and the Western Hemisphere — that genius applied special treatments to effect a balance.

The Western Hemisphere was neutralized by the Monroe Doctrine. Its various states lived their own lives under the tacit assumption that in return for this protected isolationism they would strictly confine their interests to their own hemisphere. In North America Britain accepted the predominance of the United States. In South America, a certain equilibrium was maintained to prevent any one state becoming ascendant, and this policy was also backed by the United States. The means used were chiefly diplomatic and financial.

In Africa, the treatment was quite different. The *Pax Britannica* always cut its cloth to fit the situation. Every European power was allowed to carve a piece out of the Black Continent — Portugal, Spain, Germany, Italy — but the balance was maintained by the two big African empires of France and Britain.

In the Far East, Britain reserved for herself an undisputed power area, namely India and the neighborhood of this sub-continent. Otherwise the policy was defined, together with us and other European powers, as the “Open Door” policy. It meant that nobody, including Britain herself and the East Asiatic countries themselves, should ever try to monopolize it.

It was in Europe that Britain faced the most complicated and the most dangerous situation. Before the last war there were four great powers in Europe, namely, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia, and a fifth, Italy, nearing this status. The Balance of Power required that they be so aligned that in any conflict the decision of the British would be decisive. Thus the British occasionally encouraged the rise of a nation — notably that of Italy — and sometimes backed France, sometimes Germany, depending on which seemed

to be getting stronger. The supreme aim was to prevent the hegemony of one power or alliance of powers over the European mainland.

In this whole concept, in the great century of British power, Russia was treated as separate from Europe. The British understood that Russia was both a European and an Asiatic power, and the one power that might some day obtain hegemony over the European continent or over Asia. So whenever Russia tried to expand, the British opposed it. That was true in the Crimean war, when the British and French went to the defense of Sevastopol against the Russians. In the Far East, the British made an alliance with the Japanese against overextension of Russian influence. But on the other side, whenever it was necessary to maintain the balance of power in Europe proper, the British were not afraid to ally themselves with the Russians — neither in the Napoleonic wars nor the First World War, nor in this war.

The Balance of Power has been energetically attacked. It has been unpopular in Europe and throughout the world. The fact of the matter is, however, that it is the second of only two ways that have ever been found for maintaining long

periods of peace. It gave Europe and most of the world the highest measure of peace it had had since Roman days, and, because of that peace, the highest degree of prosperity it had ever had. It gave European, or western, coloration to the vital political, social and economic trends throughout the earth.

II

We may take it that nobody likes the first way of maintaining world peace: the domination of the world by one power. This is essentially what our war is against. But before we dismiss the concept of maintaining the peace in the future by a new Balance of Power, let us consider the alternatives. If we rule out both domination and Balance of Power, then, *historically speaking*, we know only one alternative — world anarchy. Each nation goes out for itself and attempts to expand its own power to the natural limits — that is to say until it collides with another power, risking a conflict that may be dissolved by the outcome of a war.

The Balance of Power had ceased to function as an efficient instrument since 1914. It was the knowledge of this that led to the first World War and the Hitlerite ad-

venture. Russia, in 1939, was a huge question-mark and Britain was not strong enough to win the war alone, nor certain enough of sufficient allies. Hence the aggressions, which seemed to offer more than an even chance of success.

The League of Nations had proved itself no adequate substitute for the *Pax Britannica* of the previous epoch. It had no instruments to enforce anything and could only call upon the instruments of its members, without the certainty that they could or would comply. And it was not universal—the strongest industrial and therefore potentially the strongest war-making power, the U.S.A., was not in it.

Tacit acceptance of the fact that the League was not strong enough to protect anybody led to the formation of outside alliances. The states of the Little Entente made alliances against Hungary; France made alliances with non-German Central European states against Germany; France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia made a pact; Britain had an alliance with France. And all these alliances were unstable, as the test showed.

There was no approximate equality of power among the responsible League members. Germany could easily knock out Czechoslovakia

and every one of the small states of Central Europe, and it was dubious whether the great states would go to war to oppose this. The fear of Russia was not limited to Germany. American opinion wanted to avoid war at any price. The small nations were pushovers; the large one a question-mark.

The League of Nations did not save the world, nor frustrate the Germans. To return to the old League structure is, therefore, to return to anarchy and the reopening of the lottery of chance. Nor can the Balance of Power be restored by the British Empire. Since the Nineteenth Century two other nations have arisen, either of which separately is the equal or superior of Britain in power: the United States and Russia. Russia has emerged in this war as a strongly consolidated state, able to organize, supply, and equip immense armies largely from her own resources, vigorous, and with an unquestioned sense of power. The United States has demonstrated that this most unmilitary people can be mobilized, trained, and equipped in extraordinary short order for modern warfare.

Both Russia and the United States are in more powerful geographical positions than Britain. Russia is placed in the strategical

land center of the earth, with long borders on western Europe and on China. The United States is placed in the strategic center of the seas, looking out over the Atlantic and Pacific. Both Russia and the United States are continental areas, with the bulk of their resources within contiguous territories. Britain, whether considered as Empire or Commonwealth, is scattered over the world. Either the United States or Russia is, therefore, as a single nation, more capable of keeping the Balance of Power in the future than Britain will be. Yet neither alone is strong enough to guarantee the equilibrium. The world situation, moreover, is complicated by the rise of the Far East to national consciousness.

The combination of Russia plus Britain would be invincible. But Russia and Britain have potentially conflicting interests in both the Far and the Middle East, and a perpetuating combination is dubious. The United States and Russia together would be invincible. But the combination would not be popular in Europe or Britain and would put enormous pressure on all to unite to stage a comeback into history. A combination of Britain and America excluding Russia would have no firm foothold on the Eurasian continent

where are most of the resources and peoples of the globe.

A combination of Britain, America, and Russia could keep the peace of the earth as long as they held together. They would represent a coalition of power that no state or group of states would dare to challenge in any foreseeable time. But it is illusory to think that this combination would be easy to maintain. The history of Russian and British activities in Eastern Asia is a history of conflicting diplomacies and viewpoints.

Russia, like Germany, is a highly militarized land power of uncertain frontiers, which for centuries has been spreading by the annexation of contiguous territories. She is not a national state. The Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics is actually a huge confederation of nations, authoritatively centralized in respect of defense, economy, and foreign relations. There are theoretically no limits to possible Soviet expansion, short of the globe. And the Soviet Union also is imbued with the highly dynamic idea of socialist confederationism.

If, after this war, Europe remains weak and divided, more or less under the tutelage in the west of the Anglo-American powers, and in the east of Russia, a combination of Britain-America-Russia to keep

the peace will be subjected to very severe strains. Even in the present moment, when we are fighting a common enemy and are all in extreme hazard, it is obvious that western and Russian political policies toward Europe are far from identical.

The difficulties, therefore, in restoring and maintaining a new balance of power are enormous. It would have to rest on alliances, instead of on the indubitable superiority of a single nation. Alliances work very well for the purpose of waging a common war against a common enemy; they are dubious as instruments to prevent wars.

III

But if no one power can dominate the world after this war, and no permanently reliable balance of power appears possible, what is left? In the human imagination there has always been the concept of organizing the whole world under law for mutual protection. This is the obvious desideratum of international politics. It has been the dream of the greatest minds of all nationalities for centuries. Dante and Leonardo da Vinci, Mazzini and Victor Hugo, Kleist, Kant, and Romain Rolland, are but a few of Europe's greatest spirits

who have advocated the creation of larger political unities, transcending the nation.

But the creation of ever greater unities, in which large and small nations will effectively pool their power for mutual protection against war, is hardly likely to come about through the universal conversion of all peoples to the brotherhood of man, nor through legalistic creations. It will only come about through the proper and imaginative exercise of power in the first place, for every new thing is created by power — which is not the same as saying that it is created by force.

The British Empire, for instance, was expanded more by the attraction of its generally benevolent power to protect, than created by brute force, and today is held together only by tradition and considerations of mutual interest. It has no power of compulsion whatever over the sovereign states of the Commonwealth, yet has held them more firmly than the colonies. The United States of America might have developed differently from what it did. The original thirteen states had alternatives. They might, for instance, have accepted the dominant colonial attitude of their times and established themselves as a sovereign power, organizing

the western areas as colonies for exploitation. But by offering equality of citizenship and status to the people of new states, they colonized and expanded, drawing on Europe constantly for new manpower. The enormous attraction of great unities, which promise protection while granting freedom and equality of participation and responsibility to each state in proportion to its actual power, has thus been demonstrated in both the British Commonwealth and the United States of America.

It is not necessary to begin the foundation of a world order for the maintenance of peace, open to all on equal terms, with a finished and blueprinted program. Nor is it necessary to begin with the adherence to it of all the states of the world. It is not only not necessary; it is patently impossible; and it is even undesirable.

All political institutions that endure are the product of organic growth. Given happy auspices at their birth, they create and recreate themselves from vitalities which they themselves generate. For the purpose of waging this war, Great Britain and America have created an effective unity, of both policy and command. This has been created without any legalisms at all, and without the relinquish-

ment of an ounce of national sovereignty by either. There is nothing in our two constitutions or national sovereignties which prevents a coalition of our military staffs and economic plans. It is not against the law that vast numbers of British troops should be under American command or American troops under British command. But it is a very sensational fact and departure from tradition, just the same. It has not come about as the result of a blueprint but as a response to a terrific challenge.

To quote Mr. Churchill's very English phrase, Britain and America are pretty well "mixed up together." We are all but sitting in each other's cabinets. We are using each other's goods, each other's bases, each other's ships. And as a result of this remarkable communism between the two leading private-enterprise nations of the earth, we are fighting a terribly difficult war with remarkable efficiency. When the war is over, there will be many who will want to unmix us, but I venture to predict that the cost of so doing will give pause to any administration that may be at the helm; that the patent rewards for staying mixed will be so much greater than the possible rewards and certain dangers of renewing ruthless national competition with

each other that no serious national leaders or parties will advocate it.

Now the more peoples that are mixed up with us the better. By all means let us keep mixed up with Russia if we can. Let us do everything to keep mixed up short of treating the Russians as a master race from whom reciprocity is unnecessary. Let us keep mixed up with China, active and extremely generous in her rehabilitation. Let us be for the greatest possible strengthening of our European allies, as equals, not as pupils. Unity is not created by pep talks, but by mutual interests, and, above all, by the experience of doing things together.

There is enormous work to be done in the world that can only be done by a great many doing it together in an organized way. There is, for instance, the problem of opening up and colonizing the empty spaces of this earth and creating new opportunities for men and women made homeless by war. There are great challenges, like the challenge of pressure of

population — the curse of Europe for decades. Resettlement, in the modern world, cannot be left to chance and haphazard migration. It will require the creation of international commissions, the raising of international capital, the creation of opportunities for re-training, especially for youth and demobilized soldiers. If these instruments adequately perform their tasks, they will increase in authority and become in time "traditional." If they exist in a favorable climate of humanism and common sense, they will exercise enormous attractive power to weak and struggling people everywhere.

In the mutual performance of necessary world tasks lies the hope of the gradual evolution of a world commonwealth. It will never spring full-fledged from the mind of some genius, all drawn up on tables of stone. But if we stay mixed up and go on working together for specific objectives, our children's children may one day look around about them on this earth for peace and, behold, they will find it there.



Reminder —

BY WOODROW WILSON

WHAT we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

► *Harry Hopkins, a unique figure among war leaders.*

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ROOSEVELT

BY ROBERT HUMPHREYS

WHEN a lifelong social worker, untutored in world affairs, holds second chair in a nation's councils of war, hops oceans on missions that shape history, and becomes the intimate of the two most powerful men on earth — Roosevelt and Churchill — there must be a reason. But the reason is as elusive as the man himself. The fact is that Harry Hopkins has few earmarks of greatness, yet he possesses a rare faculty for circulating within the orbit of greatness in others. Like the electron within the structure of a molecule, his force is more evident than his presence, his qualities less obvious than the power he exerts.

Ask Harry how he arrived at his present awesome station in life and the reply will probably be unsatisfying, because he is as puzzled as anyone. Put the same question to the ordinary Washington politico, and he will ascribe the miracle to

an "in" with the President — which is merely rephrasing the question rather than answering it. Ask Harry's former associates in WPA and the Department of Commerce, and they will say that a brilliant mind, an amazing capacity for hard work and an unflagging devotion to Franklin D. Roosevelt comprise the answer.

The doubt, however, is only as to how he got there. There is no shadow of doubt that he is there: that this son of a humble Iowa harnessmaker is the President's closest friend and adviser, as well as one of the few Americans who has real influence with Prime Minister Churchill. So easygoing and harmonious are his relations with these men that neither they nor he know exactly the measure of his contributions in fashioning war policies.

There is ample evidence, for instance, that Hopkins has been Russia's most ardent and effective

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champion at Anglo-American conferences. Only slowly and only recently has his faith been clouded by Stalin's aloofness. As a consequence, he has retreated somewhat from the far reaches of the limb on which he found himself.

On the domestic scene, the Hopkins touch is equally potent. He has been the President's principal strategist since the star of James A. Farley dimmed, and few political maneuvers have been undertaken without his advice. A good many of them, indeed, were born in his agile mind. It is generally accepted that if FDR seeks a fourth term, Hopkins will again assume his third-term rôle of field marshal general of the campaign next year.

Oddly enough, as Hopkins' power has grown, public interest in him has declined. Where his name once commanded headlines as the munificent administrator of nine billion dollars in relief funds, it is now seldom mentioned. His specific weight in our country's domestic and global affairs is much greater than it was when he earned the sobriquet of "the greatest spender in history," but his rôle is less public and less spectacular.

At the moment, official directories assign four titles to Hopkins: Chairman, The Munitions Assignments Board; Member, Central

Committee, American National Red Cross; Trustee, The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library; and Special Assistant to The President. Only the first vests any direct power in him; only the last any salary — \$10,000 a year. From 1940 to October, 1943, he lived in the White House as a guest of the Roosevelts, but Hopkins shrank from listing the fact and the directories are silent on this point. But it is a vital point.

When Harry Lloyd Hopkins, clad in a dressing gown, started down the hall to President Roosevelt's bedroom it might mean that on the morrow an administrative head would roll, or that a thousand more planes would be earmarked for the Eastern Front in Europe, or merely that the Chief Executive would hear the latest joke from Harry's ribald assortment. Where others had to outline their proposals on a crowded schedule regardless of the President's mood, Hopkins alone could select the moment of leisure or high spirits most conducive to his purposes.

Mr. Roosevelt has publicly called Harry "my eyes and ears," and has dispatched him on vital missions to London and Moscow. He had him along at Casablanca and Quebec. In the privacy of the White House, Harry the Hop is the equal of Mr.

Roosevelt at horseplay. The confidences and tasks reposed in him by the President can, under the circumstances, only be conjectured. But obviously Hopkins has done much to ease what Thomas Jefferson called the "splendid misery" of the Presidency.

For a man who is thoroughly at ease in the presence of kings or dictators, tycoons or slum dwellers, Hopkins is a sight to behold. He is gangling, squint-eyed, lantern-jawed, and lop-eared. He dresses with infinite indifference, wears an old felt hat in preference to one given him by Churchill, and takes off his shoes when his feet hurt him. His health is wretched. Army, Navy, White House and Mayo Clinic physicians have all taken something or other out of his abdomen. He has undergone so many treatments that neither he nor his doctors can remember who administered which.

His life has been a maze of contradictions and improbabilities. Though a social worker and New Dealer, his friends have not been radicals and reformers but men of wealth — currently the list is headed by Barney Baruch, Jesse Jones, John Hay Whitney, W. Averell Harriman and John Hertz. Though he has had direct control of more money than any man in

history, his own finances have always been in shambles. The all-time dispenser of dole, he has been on dole himself twice in the last five years, his friends having made up purses in 1938, and again in 1940, to keep him afloat.

Because his conscience is clear, he has been hurt by questions about the propriety of a man so close to the President accepting these and other gifts. The jewels bestowed upon the new Mrs. Hopkins as a wedding gift by Lord Beaverbrook, at a time when Harry was supervising lend-lease and Beaverbrook was seeking it, caused a journalistic flurry. Less publicized, but more resented in press circles, was Hopkins' refusal to discuss his official visit to Moscow with newsmen, only later to sell the inside story to a national magazine for cash which he pocketed.

Though Hopkins' objectives have often been high in the idealistic stratosphere, his methods have as often lacked the loftier attributes. He has a native addiction to the direct approach, the shortest distance between two points, that occasionally evokes more gossip than admiration.

Back in 1933, when he was struggling to get relief under way, he shocked a colleague by remarking, "You know, I'd damn well be in

favor of hiring industry to give these people jobs if I thought it would work." Five years later, Hopkins, although pledged to strictly non-political conduct of relief, unhesitatingly made political speeches in his eagerness to rid the New Deal of its enemies in Congress. In 1940, convinced that the United States should join in the battle on Hitler, he preached war so outspokenly in private that many feared a leak into the public prints might damage the President's third-term campaign, then in full swing.

This talent for cutting through to his destination has been the dominant characteristic of his career.

II

Hopkins was born in 1890 in Sioux City of a garrulous, yarn-spinning father who alternately fancied himself as a bowler and a candidate for Congress, and of a deeply religious mother who strove mightily to bring up five children on the meager income which her husband's shaky harness business provided. Most of Harry's education was obtained in the public schools and college of Grinnell, Iowa, where his family moved when he was eleven. As a homely, long-legged boy, Hopkins affected a sarcastic amiability which made him the envy of slower-

witted youngsters. This "worldly" air, a small talent for basketball and tennis, and a flare for campus politics caused him to be rated a "leader" in college.

Graduated *cum laude*, young Harry was talked out of a journalistic career in Montana by a member of the Grinnell faculty who had a job for him in a summer camp operated by a New York social settlement, Christodora House. His acceptance catapulted Hopkins into the social service field for a twenty-year stay.

New York fascinated him and he speedily elevated himself from job to job until by 1924 he was drawing \$10,000 a year as head of the New York Tuberculosis Association. Politics provided a parallel attraction. Taking off with the Bryanism of his father, Hopkins first sampled the socialism of Morris Hillquit, then the principles of Woodrow Wilson, next the liberalism of the elder La Follette, only to return to the Democratic fold out of admiration for Al Smith. His foray into socialism he explained to an inquiring Senate committee in 1939 on two grounds:

First, I was profoundly moved by a desire to keep us out of war. I thought the forces moving to get us into the war were sinister, and I did not like them. Second, I had a great desire to see a decent administration of govern-

ment in New York City. I was a young man in those days and I was expressing my idealism in that way.

His idealism, feeding on disgust with the miseries of city slums, did not, however, lessen the attraction of the rich man's world for Hopkins. The unvarnished fact is that Park Avenue had more lure for him than Union Square and its environs. A devotee of horse racing, poker, bridge and the wine cellars of the élite, Hopkins acquired a lingo that was a fancy mixture of profanity, bad English and good slang. He could be ingratiatingly gentle or as hardboiled as a hack driver. It shocked people, but it also fascinated them—which is what Hopkins thought it would do. He was a reformer who did not talk the professional language of uplift.

At the same time, Hopkins' earnestness in his ministrations to the underprivileged impressed those who worked for him. His deep-seated belief that the poor should share in the wealth of the world was so intense that radicals mistook him for one of their own. But Hopkins was not fighting capitalism or the American system; he simply thought they ought to function more justly and less painfully.

By 1930, he had drawn the attention of Governor Franklin D.

Roosevelt and his wife, and was soon a member of the New York State relief organization. He was so little known nationally that his appointment three years later as the New Deal relief administrator caused press services to query their New York bureaus for biographical material. But Hopkins quickly shattered any idea that he would remain in obscurity. Through all his five years as the Kris Kringle of the New Deal, Hopkins kept the press on its toes with such phrases as "too damned dumb," "stop lousing up my office," and "the hell they won't shoot Santa Claus." He sweated, swore and swashbuckled his way through Washington's red tape, bawled out greedy local politicians by the score, and defied all and sundry to find any politics in the WPA.

Although he constantly issued orders to his aides to "keep their lips buttoned and stay out of politics," his own itch in the same direction led him into a good many indiscretions. He barged into the very middle of the Supreme Court fight with a militant speech in the President's behalf. He took an active part in the abortive 1938 "purge," and finally got himself quoted as saying to a fellow horse-player that the New Deal was "going to spend and spend, and

tax and tax, and elect and elect" until he, the horse-player, was dead and forgotten. Hopkins later denied on a strict cross-your-heart basis that he ever said such a thing, but the damage was done.

The Kentucky primary scandals which involved the WPA in 1938 proved too much and Hopkins suddenly found the whole relief program falling in about his ample ears. The "heat," as he called it, was on and he resigned. His second wife had died the year before, leaving little Diana Hopkins in the care of Mrs. Roosevelt, and Hopkins himself was ill and weary.

III

A widely-publicized retinue of doctors went to work and managed to get him on his feet again. For some reason never made clear, probably for no more serious reason than friendship, Mr. Roosevelt on Christmas Eve, 1938, appointed Harry to the post of Secretary of Commerce. The nomination provided a field day for the Senators who had to confirm or reject the appointment.

Summoned before the Senate Commerce Committee, Hopkins gave his inquisitors a three-day performance that has seldom been equalled in Washington. Constantly employing grammar of the "that"-

for-"who" variety, Hopkins wrought such gems of prose as "I don't duck anything that happened in my shop," "they threw everything at each other but the kitchen stove," and "he was certainly dishin' it up." As to his political beliefs, Hopkins kissed the book. He defied the Senators to find one utterance showing he had designs on the capitalist system. He pointed out that he had repeatedly endorsed the two-party system and had denounced totalitarianism as a possible form of American government.

Hopkins expressed conviction that as Secretary of Commerce he could be counted on to look out for business just as diligently as he had WPA enrollees. "I am going to enjoy this," he exuded at one point. He agreed that investments had to be stimulated if real recovery were to be attained. Concerning labor, he said:

"I believe in unions. I do not believe in sit-down strikes. I have no reservations about that. I think it is bad business."

The effect, when combined with his frequent confessions of political improprieties which he wouldn't commit "if I had it to do over again," was completely disarming. Gray-headed Senator White, a dyed-in-the-wool Maine Republican, spoke the committee's senti-

ments when he asserted "that after listening for twenty-one years to Congressional witnesses I am about ready to award you, Mr. Hopkins, first place." The confirmation vote was a landslide.

It must be recorded that Harry was a flop as Secretary of Commerce. First, he was bitten by the idea that he might be the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1940; next his health became steadily worse; and finally, as a member of what he termed the President's "team," he had to take over the management of the third-term campaign. As a political strategist, he was considerably short of a wizard, but Mr. Roosevelt was satisfied and that was what counted. Hopkins resigned his Cabinet post in the fall, and Mr. Roosevelt, in a "Dear Harry" letter, laid the groundwork for the next job, that of "special assistant to the President."

In January 1941, Hopkins took the first of his several transatlantic trips as the President's personal emissary. The mission was to discover who was who in Britain. Completely captivated by Churchill and the British people, Hopkins came back with a glowing report. In subsequent months he visited Stalin, and made a similarly enthusiastic report. Hopkins helped arrange, and attended, the famous

Roosevelt-Churchill meeting at sea. He soon won the accolade of the President's "ace reporter." His endeavors were simultaneously accompanied by a steady withdrawal from the limelight and an increasing concentration on service as the President's "buffer" — Hopkins' own word for his rôle.

His supervision of lend-lease and his subsequent chairmanship of the Munitions Board gave him a powerful grip on the distribution of war materials to the various theaters of war. Although disposed to follow the lead of American military men, his own influence was soon discovered to be extensive.

Today, at fifty-three, Hopkins has dedicated himself completely to total prosecution of the war. His easy banter with the occupant of the White House still charms the President, and Harry's new wife, Louise Macy, former Paris editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, adds to the warmth of the Roosevelt hearth. But Hopkins is discovering that the price of power is pain. Many ultra-conservatives, suffering more from bitterness than knowledge, still view him as a dangerous left-wing influence upon the President. At the same time extreme New Dealers burn with suspicion that Hopkins has led Mr. Roosevelt into forsaking the New Deal.

Mrs. Roosevelt makes no secret of the fact that she believes Harry has lost much of his "do-good" outlook. Tommy Corcoran says it was Hopkins who eased him out of the White House inner circle. Vice-President Wallace suspects his fellow-Iowan of promoting his removal as head of the Board of Economic Warfare. Old friends of Hopkins, including such formerly staunch supporters as the extreme left-winger Aubrey Williams, find him too frequently inaccessible.

Members of Congress, with whom he has never been very popular, fear and resent this man whom they never see but who conceivably can upset their well-laid plans with little more than a casual remark to the President. Republican members in bitter moments murmur glumly about "the Rasputin of the White House." Derogatory anecdotes about Harry Hopkins and his ways are swapped in certain circles in tones of alarm touched with glee. In short, the pack has turned on Harry.

Let it be noted, however, that few men in public life are of tougher fibre or of a more resilient nature than the resourceful Hopkins. Twice, physicians have despaired of his life, but he has lived. Twice, Washington observers have declared Hopkins politically dead,

but he has bounced back to even greater heights of power. While it must be conceded that much of his influence derived from his residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, nobody realizes more than his enemies that Harry, operating from any address, is a man to be reckoned with.

Hopkins has watched the epic events of American participation in history's greatest war from a choice front-row seat. On countless occasions, such as the Sunday afternoon when the news of Pearl Harbor was phoned to Mr. Roosevelt, he has been the only witness. In hundreds of instances Hopkins himself has been a principal actor. When the record of the war is finally written, the chronicler will have no better source than Harry the Hop — the strange combination of politician, do-gooder, administrator and playboy whose footprints are all over three Roosevelt terms and may be over a fourth.

His ambition, friends say, is to edit a national affairs magazine once the peace is won. If he proves to be the "reporter" Mr. Roosevelt has acclaimed him to be, the world may read an amazing story once the seal of secrecy is broken. Not the least amazing will be the inside story of his own power and his own rôle if he chooses to tell it.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY GOES REALIST

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

A NEW American peace plan based on "realism" rather than "idealism" is emerging in Washington.

The crusading spirit of the Sumner Welles school of thought is giving way to the more cautious conservatism of Cordell Hull. It may justly be said that the American Government is now out to accomplish in the postwar world what it believes *can* be accomplished, rather than all it might like or prefer to see done.

The hopes of the Wallace-Welles group of postwar planners that the United States would assume the leadership in enforcing the principles of the Atlantic Charter throughout the world are fast fading. The conflict now is regarded as a war of survival rather than a crusade to establish immediately a new democratic world order all over the globe. The chief postwar objective is the prevention of future world conflicts through joint action by the major allied powers to restrain aggression. We are fighting now:

(1) To crush Nazism and Japanese militarism.

(2) To win the war quickly and with the least possible cost in human lives.

(3) To restore law and order, and establish what Secretary of State Hull calls the "peaceful processes" of settling international problems.

The American Government has not abandoned hope of a better world order, but it favors political and social changes being made by the evolutionary methods of constitutional procedure rather than by revolutionary movements or force of conquest. Secretary Hull is now of the opinion that advances in political freedom, economic betterment, social justice and spiritual values must be achieved by each nation primarily through its own wise policies and actions.

This is in sharp contrast with the contention of Sumner Welles, who, before he resigned as Under-Secretary of State, said the principles of the Atlantic Charter must "be guaranteed to the world as a

whole — in all oceans and in all continents.” The trend away from the bolder visions of the crusading liberals as represented by Welles has been due to a number of factors, chief of which is fear of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of getting the other Allied Powers to cooperate at this time in establishing our conception of a truly democratic world order.

Two of the major factors which have had an important bearing on the shift toward a more conservative policy of postwar planning are: (1) Great Britain’s reluctance to abandon its colonial position after the war; and (2) Soviet Russia’s insistence on retention of the Baltic States, Eastern Poland, Bessarabia and part of Finland.

Welles tried to put across the idea that colonial possessions should be governed by a United Nations trusteeship that would protect the welfare of the native inhabitants and assure their advancement toward eventual self-government. He viewed the world conflict as a “people’s war” that could not be regarded as won “until the fundamental rights of the people of the earth are secured.” In a Memorial Day address at Arlington National Cemetery on May 30, 1942, he went so far as to declare that “the age of imperialism is ended.”

“The right of a people to their freedom must be recognized,” he said. “If this war is in fact a war for the liberation of peoples it must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world.”

In November of that year Winston Churchill replied that he had not become the King’s first minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire. The British took a firm stand against demands of the Indian Nationalists for immediate and complete independence for that country. London also let it be known it was not disposed to hand the Crown Colonies over to any United Nations mandatory body after this war.

In view of the British imperial position and the Soviet’s adamant stand on the Russian boundary question, the conservative element in Washington has become convinced it would be useless and foolish for the United States now to insist on too strict an application of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms everywhere in the world. For instance, we would like to see the independence of the Baltic States restored, but we have come to the sad conclusion that if we attempt to make that a basic issue in our relations with Russia, we will lose the newly promised Soviet

cooperation in a world security system to maintain lasting peace.

Welles also wanted the United States to sponsor a new League of Nations that would guarantee "the inalienable right of all peoples to enjoy the freedoms of religion, speech, and of information." He wanted to make it obligatory for every state which became a member of the new world organization to "show that its citizens are guaranteed those rights."

Granting that Moscow may be restoring a measure of freedom of religion, political cynics in Washington cannot foresee the Soviet Government restoring freedom of speech and information in Russia in any near future. Nor can the elder statesmen of the Democratic Party see the logic of placing Uncle Sam in the rôle of a Don Quixote of the Four Freedoms with a Presidential campaign year coming up, and with the New Dealers having made a none-too-happy showing in the 1942 and 1943 elections.

Welles personally feels that if the United States fails to accept the rôle of leading the world into a finer way of life, the great mass of people in Europe, China, India and the rest of the world will lose faith in America. The more wary advisers in the Administration, on the other hand, believe it is better

to settle for what we may be able to achieve, rather than to risk the loss of either British or Russian cooperation altogether by insisting on principles which those nations consider contrary to their national interests. The realists are in the ascendancy, and the aim, therefore, is a more practical peace.

II

The basic idea of the practical peace-planners has its first embodiment in the four-power pact just signed in Moscow by the USA, Great Britain, the USSR and China.

Close cooperation among these four nations does not alter the fact that the United States and Great Britain will undertake the major responsibility for assuring control of the seas. All bases will be used jointly in a military and naval sense. Moreover, the Anglo-American Combined Chiefs of Staff will be continued after the war as a permanent body to handle the problems of command and mutual aid. If cooperation with Russia proves satisfactory, Russia will assume a large part of the responsibility for helping to maintain peace in Europe and Asia. While China has been taken into the four-power concert, that country is not con-

sidered likely for some time after this war to assert itself as a world power. But whatever else happens, the practical peace planners intend that Anglo-American cooperation shall stand as a foundation stone in the larger structure of world stability.

It is planned that the four-power agreement for joint responsibility in maintaining world peace shall cover what President Roosevelt has described as the "cooling off" period after the cessation of hostilities. It is expected this period may last anywhere from eighteen months to three years. This transition period is intended to allow a calming of war passions, and to avoid the danger of "shell-shocked" statesmen attempting to write the final peace terms immediately after the defeat of the enemy. It also is aimed at enabling the people of the liberated countries, including those in the defeated Axis nations, to decide by constitutional methods the democratic form of government they want.

As the "cooling off" period progresses and political stability is restored in the liberated countries, the practical peace-planners think we can turn our attention to the question of the wider international organization provided for in the Moscow agreement. However, the

trend in Washington is definitely away from the idea of a world government that would deliberate and settle all problems arising between states. We would prefer to avoid, for example, being drawn into disputes over the exact delineation of boundary lines in eastern Europe. We prefer to regard those matters as local problems that should be settled by regional systems of arbitration, in accordance with principles of liberty and law.

If the other big powers fail to respect those principles in their relations with weaker states, we are not necessarily planning to go to war with them over every issue that comes up. But we are making it clear that the willingness of the American people to support our continued participation in a permanent world security system will depend on whether they are not too shocked by the foreign policies pursued by the other major powers.

III

The American Government's new six "rules of conduct" for the sane society of nations envisaged in the Pact of Moscow are:

(1) All peoples who, with a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, have qualified themselves

to assume and to discharge the responsibilities of liberty are entitled to its enjoyment;

(2) Each sovereign nation, large or small, is in law and under law the equal of every other nation;

(3) All nations, large and small, which respect the rights of others, are entitled to freedom from outside interference in their internal affairs;

(4) Willingness to settle international disputes by peaceful means, acceptance of international law and observance of its principles are the bases of order among nations and of mankind's continuing search for enduring peace;

(5) Non-discrimination in economic opportunity and treatment is essential to the maintenance and promotion of sound international relations; and

(6) Cooperation between nations in the spirit of good neighbors is the most effective method of safeguarding and promoting the political, the economic, the social and the cultural well-being of all countries.

We recognize that if Russia retains the Baltic States, it will be in sharp conflict with the spirit of these "rules of conduct." However, we are not going to sacrifice cooperation with Russia over that one issue.

By getting Russia's acceptance of our principles on the broader issues of world affairs, the practical peace-planners believe we have at least made some advance along the road to a better world order. It will be far from perfection, but they are convinced it will be far better than the dangerous world situation that would develop if we had rejected Soviet cooperation because of the Baltic States and Poland.

If a majority of the United Nations accept the six rules of conduct, the American Government will be prepared to participate in the establishment of an international security system based on the following three points:

(1) A joint pledge that political differences which present a threat to world peace shall be submitted to agencies which would use the remedies of discussion, negotiation, conciliation and good offices to effect a settlement;

(2) An agreement providing that disputes of a legal character which present a threat to world peace shall be adjudicated by an international court of justice whose decisions shall be based upon application of the principles of law;

(3) A security pact pledging all contracting parties to cooperate jointly in restraining future aggress-

sion by nations seeking to impose their will on other powers by force.

The significance of the third point is that the United States would pledge the use of its armed forces only to restrain actual aggression. It would not be a blank check on American aid to perpetuate the *status quo* or to support the foreign policies of other powers. If Great Britain or Russia, for instance, became involved in a dispute with another power, the United States would agree to assist them only if the third party first resorted to outright military aggression to impose its will. By the same token, we would not be committed to aid Britain or Russia if they first resorted to aggressive action.

If the United Nations are ready to go along with us on these general lines, the American Government is further prepared to cooperate in extending financial, technical and other assistance to help revive the world after this war. It also is willing to join in an international agreement to control the produc-

tion and distribution of basic commodities so that the cutthroat competition of economic warfare can be avoided.

At the same time, however, the American Government is preparing for the alternatives of self-interest and economic nationalism, if it develops that the world is not yet ready for sane cooperation. Hard-boiled businessmen, such as Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Leo T. Crowley, and W. Averell Harriman, have been placed in the top ranks of American foreign affairs. They are ready to resort to Yankee trader tactics if the rest of the world wants to play that game. Likewise there is a strong imperialistic tendency in the armed forces which could quickly assume a dominant influence.

In the opinion of the practical peace-planners, the decision as to which course the United States pursues rests to a considerable extent on the good faith with which other powers, especially Russia, apply the principles embodied in the Pact of Moscow.

There must be, not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace.

— WOODROW WILSON



MY FATHER, PRINCE KROPOTKIN

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

MORE than one hundred years have passed since the day on which Prince Peter Kropotkin was born in Moscow, on December 9, 1842. He lived to be nearly eighty, dying in his native city, to which he had returned after forty-one years of exile. The Russia he loved so well had in the meantime discarded the Tsarist régime for another which he found equally tyrannical and distasteful.

Prince Kropotkin is known chiefly through his philosophical interpretation of anarchism as "a society made orderly by good manners rather than by law, in which each person produces according to his powers and receives according to his needs." He is also known to scientists for his very considerable contributions to geography and to social psychology. He discovered the true direction of the mountain ranges of Siberia and Asia, and he made researches of the first magnitude in the field of instinct among animals and primitive people, which he brought together in his classic, *Mutual Aid*.

But the writer, as his daughter, is more interested in his character than in his worldly stature. There are things — vital things, it seems to me — about my father that are not as well known as they deserve to be.

A few days after my father died, a Moscow friend contributed this spoken epitaph:

"Kropotkin had a passion for justice."

The phrase passed from mouth to mouth, and soon became the accepted summary of the character of my father who sacrificed the privileges of noble birth and worldly comfort to dedicate himself to humanity. Yet, for all the deep admiration behind the phrase, it has always seemed to me to tell only half the truth. Far more fundamental in my father's spiritual and mental makeup than a passion for justice was his *instinct for honesty*. To take any advantage of any situation — whether in personal relationships, in business or politics — in order to score a vic-

tory over a weaker opponent, was to him not only an injustice but a dishonest act. He looked upon dishonesty as the crime of crimes — a cheap and cowardly betrayal of human dignity.

My father's approach to people was always simple and direct. In his contact with strangers he was invariably influenced by the first handshake. The impression gained this way remained with him. He divided human hands into two categories: honest and dishonest. An overly narrow hand, a very limp hand, an evasively offered one — these instantly aroused his suspicion. Nor did the too hearty politician grip deceive him. Sometimes he tried to combat the first impression obtained this way, if further acquaintance revealed the person in a more favorable light, but in the end he returned to his first impression.

I recollect a world-famous writer who came to our house. He was a man of great intelligence, cultured and charming, politically a militant liberal. He became a frequent visitor, yet my mother and I felt a certain restraint in the cordiality of my father's welcome to this man.

"Mmmmm — yes, I like him," said father, when we broached the subject. "But I still don't like his hand."

Years later this famous writer behaved badly at a moment when he could have shown greater courage of conviction than he chose to exhibit. My father blew up in a tempest of fury. One of those exhibitions of anger that only a dishonest action could induce in him — and never failed to induce.

"You see, you see!" he shouted. "I never did trust him. He had a dishonest hand."

Needless to say, there were a certain number of people whom my father accepted as "honest," some of whom even became friends, who did not eventually prove worthy of such faith. Yet, on the whole, as I look back, their number was surprisingly small as compared to those who were welcomed into the real intimacy of our family and who never fell short of his standards of honesty.

Those standards were complicated. They were in many ways puritanical, particularly in matters of sex. Above all, honesty meant to him an awareness of the lives of others — *their* right to happiness.

My father's friendly faith in people has been labelled "Christian" by Oscar Wilde (that always annoyed father, because he contended that you could not promise honestly to *love* your neighbor, who

might turn out to be a scoundrel). Others have called this faith of his "childlike." Neither, I believe, is entirely accurate. What he wanted to believe about people in general, and did believe to his last day, is that most people, given decent environment, are *happier* when they are honest than when they are dishonest. All his theories of voluntary collaboration in a perfect world are actually based on the first premise of human honesty. Perhaps that is why slick politicians, whatever their creed may be, find this Kropotkin Utopia so hard to believe feasible. Honesty is so unspectacular.

Father was far too much of a realist, and far too acute an observer of human nature, to think that honesty can ever flourish healthily side by side with fear of any sort. But he knew also that lies and dishonesty of all kinds are not induced by fear alone. Fashion too, he saw, can foster dishonest thought and action. What we today call "smartaleck" wisdom often made him laugh. It also could anger him. He considered flip smartness of word actually dishonest. He would quote a Russian proverb, "A slick wordster will betray father or mother to coin a smart phrase."

The admiration so often bestowed on those who made a success of

sharp trading maddened him even more. So long as dishonesty in any form is socially admirable, he maintained, so long will it flourish. But neither the smart half-truths of easy wit, nor the story of devious worldly achievement could unleash the truly titanic wrath he flung about when anyone resorted to sophistry in a serious argument of any kind. Heaven help you if you tried to score a point in an argument by resorting to a trick of inverse logic. By the time I was old enough to commit such a heinous sin I was too old to be actually punished. In my early childhood the only serious punishments I rated were for the occasional telling of a lie. Yet when, as I grew older, I made use in some argument of what father contemptuously designated as "casuistry" I was sure to be in the dog-house for days. I was made to feel that my isolation was the direct result of my own proof that I was too dishonest for honest people to waste conversation on me. He held that a discussion is for the clarification of ideas, not the scoring of points.

Amongst those who were well acquainted with my father his intolerance of sophistry in thought and phrase was a byword. But I witnessed some unfortunate argu-

ments when the reason for his impatience was not so well understood, and when the measure of his wrath seemed to his opponent out of all proportion to the point taken. They did not realize that my father's *intolerance* of dishonesty was also the root of his *tolerance* for many points of view which he did not share himself.

Only on one point was he adamant. Never under any circumstances did I hear him tolerant towards a defense of bureaucracy, or of any form of government fostering bureaucracy. His line of reasoning was forthright. If you defended bureaucracy it was because you yourself yearned to be a bureaucrat and wield official power over defenseless folk. That desire, however disguised, even from yourself, branded you as dishonest. Otherwise, he listened politely.

The most remarkable evidence I had of this attitude came during the last year of his life when we discussed religion. He knew that I was not an atheist, as he was; that to me the world made sense because I had faith in Divine Reason. This faith of mine perplexed him. He found it difficult to disassociate faith from religion as it is indoctrinated by established churches. And the churches were to him what

they had always been — part of the established order, stumbling blocks along the road to a more equal distribution of the decencies of life. He said to me:

"Your approach to this question is quite different from the attitude I had when I was young. It is not like the one many of my comrades had at a later period of my life. I have listened often, as you know, to what your cousins have to say on this subject. You all seem to feel very deeply that there is a pattern of *reason* outside and beyond human reason. I suppose your Divine Reason is what I recognize only as Nature. I can't change my way of thinking. But I respect your faith because you, and other young people like you, have an honest approach to the subject."

Why do some people endure in memory forever? No one has answered this question better than my father did in his *Memoirs*, when writing of his father's serfs, who befriended him as a small motherless child.

Men passionately desire to live after death, but they often pass away without noticing the fact that the memory of a really good person always lives. It is impressed upon the next generation, and it is transmitted again to the children. Is not that an immortality worth striving for?

► *We must begin now to build superbombers for victory.*

BOMB THE AXIS FROM AMERICA!

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

THE most vital and tragic truth about the war today is that we are squandering thousands of precious American lives, not to mention mountains of materials, to do on the surface of the earth — slowly, mile by mile, island by island — what could be done at a fraction of this frightful cost directly, through the skies. We are fighting myriad battles all over the globe, and maintaining tens of thousands of hazardous supply lines, in order to win close-up bases for *short-range* airplanes. This in face of the fact that we are already close enough! Aeronautical science *today* makes it possible for us to strike directly from American soil at the enemy's industrial war-making heart with *long-range* aviation.

I am not speaking of "dream weapons" or "tomorrow's weapons." Our present aviation industry has been prepared for some time to deliver the necessary giant planes. General Henry H. Arnold recently attested officially, in *Army Ordnance*, what air power advocates have been proclaiming for years —

that superbombers to strike across oceans and return non-stop are a practicable reality. He predicted for the immediate future planes that "will dwarf our present Flying Fortresses," that "will carry half a carload of bombs across the Atlantic and fly home without stop." The bombers to which General Arnold refers, if stepped up for some additional range, as is technically entirely feasible, could carry that half-carload of destruction from our own soil not only across the Atlantic but to the industrial centers of Japan proper.

The practicality of heavy bombers has already been demonstrated by the spectacular achievements of our Flying Fortresses, though their basic design is now eight years old and far below present-day technological possibilities. Recently our ratio of bomber losses in attacks on Germany has tended to rise, because the Nazis have strengthened their defensive aviation, both as to quantity and quality. Luftwaffe pursuits have blossomed out with greater fire power, including spec-

tacular innovations like the aerial rocket torpedoes described by Mr. Churchill. Increased losses, however, only serve as a warning that we must keep ahead of the race in aeronautical developments.

Bigger and better bombers, even beyond those referred to by General Arnold, can be built. The bigger the plane, the thicker its armor, the greater its fire power of large-calibred guns installed in rotating turrets. With range and aiming controlled by new scientific devices, these great bombers will be able to destroy attacking planes before these come within the effective range of guns and rocket torpedoes, and thus will be well-nigh impervious to fighter plane attacks. Great armadas of them will be able to fly directly to Tokyo or Berlin from bases on the North American continent, reducing the vital heart of enemy industry to smoldering rubble.

Air power of this type has been feasible for years. The delay in building it has not been caused by technical barriers, but by the failure of our military leadership to grasp fully the vision of such war-making.

Those who actually build military aircraft are almost unanimous on the possibility of immediate construction of long-range aviation

suitable for effective transocean bombardment.

Henry J. Kaiser, for instance, has announced a giant cargo plane, now being built by Hughes Aircraft Company, that will weigh 200 tons — seven times the weight of the present Flying Fortress. In England, the Ministry of Aircraft Production has publicly authorized construction of what is described as a “130-ton ‘Queen Mary’ of the skies,” equipped with special motors totalling 20,000 horsepower, according to an AP dispatch from London.

T. M. Girdler, of Consolidated Aircraft, declared on December 3, 1942:

Alongside the aircraft of tomorrow, the giant Liberator will look like a toy plane. [We] have planned this greater airplane to the point where industry could begin production on it. As a bomber it could make non-stop trips to Europe and return.

This was not a journalist reporting at second hand, it was a hard-headed manufacturer speaking on the basis of engineering data and detailed plans at his disposal. Glenn L. Martin, one of our top aviation designers and builders, asserted on May 22, 1942:

I wish to go on record with the fact that we do not recognize limits to which airplanes can be built, other than the volume of cargo required to be hauled. The next step will be the 250,000 or the 500,000 pound size.

In the present instance the cargo required is one calculated to blast the industrial heart of Japan.

And Harry Woodhead, of Consolidated, wrote in a trade journal:

It is common knowledge that *we have at present* the make-up of a 400 passenger airplane capable of a speed which we hope will be over 300 miles per hour. Engineers at Consolidated tell me that we have not in any of our contemplated designs reached a limit on size. We can build anything our customers specify, even if it is as big as a battleship.

Surely no businessman in his right senses would venture such statements in a publication read by aviation specialists unless he based himself on solid engineering reality.

On December 31, 1942, General Oliver P. Echols, then chief of the Materiel Command, was quoted by the *New York Times* as asserting that "if the war requires" we can build planes which "could carry bomb loads of more than 50,000 pounds and have a range of more than 15,000 miles." And the *Martin Star*, house organ of the aeronautical plant, reports:

Mr. Martin has already declared that the Martin Company can build a 250,000-pound flying ship able to carry eighty tons of bombs or cargo to Europe at a speed of more than 300 miles per hour at any time that there is a need for it.

Note the provisos — *if the war requires it . . . at any time that there*

is need for it. Here we have polite but unmistakable hints from both military and industry sources that aeronautically we were prepared to produce such giant planes at least a year ago, but that there was no demand for them. The factual evidence quoted should answer, once and for all, the charge most commonly hurled against advocates of true strategic air power — that they "want to fight today's war with tomorrow's weapons." Throughout history such charges have been the standard arguments of military orthodoxy when faced with a challenge to its inherited ideas.

II

If construction is undertaken immediately, we can have long-range aviation in action within two years. Over-optimistic souls, who think this too long to wait for the weapons of victory, are referred to recent naval statements placing the end of the war as far off as 1949. They are also referred to the timetable of the Southwest Pacific; let them recall that it took about a year to go from Guadalcanal to New Georgia, a distance of under two hundred miles, and apply that standard to all the thousands of miles separating Guadalcanal from Japan.

Military leaders who see nothing unreasonable in building battleships that cannot be ready until *four* years hence denounce the idea of constructing aerial weapons to go into action *two* years hence. If it is logical to engage in naval construction scheduled for completion in 1947 and for use as late as 1949 — as recently indicated by Vice Admiral Horne — why is it Utopian to plan long-range air power immediately for completion in 1945 or 1946?

The net result of the exaggerated loyalty to *today's* weapons (which in practice, of course, always means yesterday's weapons) is that *tomorrow* always finds us loaded down with outmoded tools of war suitable only for outmoded strategies. The very people who charge airmen with trying to fight today's war with tomorrow's weapons seem to find it altogether normal to try to win today's war with yesterday's weapons that will not be ready until the day after tomorrow!

Just one historical example will illustrate this paradox. When General Billy Mitchell demonstrated that battleships could be sunk by bombing, it was apparent to airmen that the aircraft carrier, rather than the battleship, had become "the backbone of the Navy." But orthodox naval men would have none

of this newfangled logic. More than ever they put the emphasis on the battleship, grudgingly building only a few carriers. So we entered the war with only seven carriers as against Japan's seventeen. In the course of this war, however, it became evident that the carrier, valid in Mitchell's day and at the beginning of the present war, was being made obsolete by the growing range and striking power of land-based aviation. Coral Sea, Midway and other critical engagements proved conclusively that carriers were now hopelessly vulnerable to air power operating from *terra firma*. Yet it was at that very moment that the same naval master-minds decided to plump for an all-out program of carrier construction!

There are, unfortunately, military experts who even today seriously talk of attacking Japan by aircraft carriers! To airmen the idea is utterly alarming. We know that carriers, together with their naval escorts, are helplessly vulnerable to the enemy's land-based aviation. Their only chance for survival is ample support of their own land-based aviation; but once we have such land-based support, why not use it for direct assault on the enemy instead of squandering it to protect a militarily inferior type of aviation?

Winston Churchill summed up this vital tactical reality when he said, in describing the Salerno battle, that if our carriers had ventured farther north they would have been "deprived . . . of the support of shore-based aircraft and they would have thus become the sole object of the enemy's attack, thus absorbing their own air power defense instead of helping the troops on the beaches."

That is exactly the position in which carriers attacking Japan would place themselves. Successful carrier actions on a surprise basis against points like Wake Island must not be allowed to lure us into disastrous application of the same procedure against major targets adequately equipped with shore-based aerial defenses. To overcome the handicap under which ship-borne aviation functions, we would need such an incredibly vast amount of it that no country, not even the United States, could produce it. It may be stated with assurance, from the air power vantage point, that unless Japan remains aeronautically backward (and we certainly ought not to gamble on that) the carrier will sing its swan song in the Pacific. But probably it will require another disaster to prove to old-line military men the futility of trying to use aviation planted on

sinkable and highly volatile bases — carriers — against air power planted on an unsinkable land base.

Aviation today is not merely another weapon. It is a new military force in its own right. That is why it is so important to understand the difference between its *tactical* use, when it is simply employed as a *weapon*, and its *strategic* use, when it becomes a force.

III

We can reduce the idea to its most elementary terms by an example. Assume that an advance of land forces is blocked by a machine-gun nest. An airplane seeks out this nest and bombs it into oblivion. That is a *tactical* operation in support of the surface unit in attaining the goal of the local battle. Now suppose the airplane has the range and striking power to bomb the factory that manufactures machine-guns. Its attack against this source of enemy strength, to destroy not one but the source of thousands of machine-guns, is a *strategic* operation because its action affects all battles on all fronts by reducing the enemy's fundamental power to wage war.

It should be obvious that tactical and strategic aviation, having quite different tasks to perform,

are conceived and built along quite different lines. *Tactical* aircraft must be agile and, therefore, are fairly small and of relatively short range. Men and aircraft in this case are used like so many expendable shells. As a result, aviation chained to ground forces requires constantly increasing numbers of planes — note that today the aeronautical industry is working furiously to meet that insatiable demand for planes.

Strategic aviation must have the “reach” to go straight to the vital installations of the enemy’s strategic system, and the load-carrying capacity to deliver effective blows on the primary targets. In its use we have an almost exact check on the quantity of aircraft required, since that is fixed by the nature of the target — the area to be demolished — and by the geographical distances. Moreover, as aviation progress permits the building of planes to carry more destruction per unit, the number needed tends to decrease, so that we achieve more for each life invested.

True strategic aviation can be logically compared to true sea power. Navies were designed to eliminate opposing navies and assume control of the seas; then they could at their leisure pound shore installations and, under protection

of their guns, effect landings and invasions. The crucial function was the assumption of command of the seas. Even thus, the purpose of a mighty fleet of the skies is to defeat enemy air power in the air and on the ground and thereby to take command of the air. Under the protection of this dominant air power landings of occupation forces can be made if deemed desirable.

Tactical and strategic aviation are different in kind. They are not interchangeable and cannot supplement each other. Because he failed to understand this telltale fact, Hitler failed miserably in the Battle of Britain. He tried to carry out a strategic mission with predominantly tactical aircraft, lacking sufficient bombing power and fire power. That is also why it takes *us* so long to finish off Germany from the air; for even though our bombers are much superior to those used by the Germans in the Battle of Britain, they do not represent the maximum exploitation of aeronautical science. We are stabbing the enemy with penknives, so to speak, trying to bleed him to death, instead of wielding the axe of true air power. In effect, we are paying the penalty for failure to plan far ahead — for yielding to the debilitating theory that we must fight with “what we’ve got” and not

concern ourselves with "tomorrow's weapons".

By this time it is generally acknowledged that one of Germany's mistakes was to freeze aircraft production before the war in the interests of numerical superiority. Yet we seem to be headed for the same error of concentrating on production of *existing* bombers rather than on *possible* bombers of immensely greater performance.

In demanding heavy, long-range, hard-hitting aviation, planned and built specifically for direct attack on the heart of the enemy in his own country, air power advocates are thus not merely asking for the proper types of aircraft. *They are asking for fundamental revision of strategy.* What is needed is a revolution in our thinking which will permit, at long last, the application of our full air power potential.

IV

Military aeronautics has now outgrown its *tactical* functions. It has attained full *strategic* maturity. Released from the artificial restraints imposed on its growth in peacetime, and stimulated by the impact of a life-and-death struggle, aeronautical science has telescoped a generation of progress into a few years. Airplanes have attained the

range to strike across thousands of miles and the destructive power to raze industrial cities, topple over the greatest hydroelectric dams, and cripple a nation at the very center of its national existence.

But our strategy, unfortunately, has not been adjusted to this new reality. It is still two-dimensional, still tied to assumptions that were made long ago, before the third-dimensional weapon had been available. We still carry destruction to the enemy by ox-carts, so to speak, though modern science enables us to carry it through the air by the most efficient medium of transportation in human history. Until military leaders nurtured on air power, who understand it and therefore trust it as thoroughly as an admiral understands and trusts his battle-ships, are given full control of air power its genuine strategic use will remain just a theory.

We now paint some of our boys white to fight in the Arctic, others green to fight in the jungle, still others beige to fight in the desert. We build and use a bewildering variety of equipment, from the machete to the airplane for an endless variety of combat methods — on land, on water, undersea and in the skies. Air power alone can cut through the diversity which now consumes incalculable amounts of

materials, manpower and human life. Years of time, immense naval tonnage, and most important, hundreds of thousands of lives can be saved by giving air power full play.

We airmen urge that the necessary range and striking power to get at the enemy *in one stroke* be built into aviation. In that way we can destroy the enemy's weapons of every type at their source, before they are hatched in the enemy's factories. To the extent that we are able to destroy the breeding places of weapons, from bayonets to battleships, we shall avoid the need to pursue them all around the planet through three elements — land, sea and air.

Naturally we must continue to hold the enemy with the means at our disposal at this time. We must continue to exert pressure at vital points where we stopped him. But airmen submit that it makes no sense *in our offensive planning* to adhere any longer than we must to old methods, with their terrific drain on American lives, when aeronautical progress has made a direct strategic offensive through the skies possible and feasible. Without the slightest hampering of the war on Germany, we can prepare the third-dimensional strategy that will doom Japan and will help finish off Germany as well.

Where are the resources and labor power for equipping true air strategy to come from? The answer is as simple as it must be bold. They must be made available by limiting and calling off secondary or wholly outlived weapons and projects.

We can abandon, for instance, the waste of energy and substance on erecting coastal defenses "from Alaska to Peru," as one official put it. In the air age such defenses are meaningless: a picket fence to keep out swarms of invading planes. Only air power can guard a nation's shore lines.

We can abandon, to cite another instance, the drain on our resources now represented by construction of new battleships and battle cruisers. The obsolescence of the battleship does not derive from its inability to withstand punishment, but from the loss of its former rôle in war-making. The day when two major naval forces clashed and the defeat of the enemy forced him out of the war is ended.

We must cease impoverishing ourselves to build chains of naval bases and many ocean navies and "impregnable battle-wagons" of the seas, all of which are fated to become completely irrelevant to modern warfare. Tens of billions of dollars are earmarked for production of land and sea weapons that

have lost strategic meaning or that, even along the old strategic lines, cannot possibly go into action until the skies above them are cleared and taken over. Of what value are the 13,000 invasion landing vessels reported by the President in his message to Congress on September 18, for instance, at a time when MacArthur and Eaker are pleading for airplanes? Everyone knows that landing vessels cannot be used until we assume control of the skies over the invaded area. In a hundred ways we are in this fashion putting the cart before the horse by skimping on air power for the sake of weapons and procedures which can do no good without aerial superiority.

The long-range strategic air power must come from a curtailment of other strategies. If we try to build the biggest army, the biggest navy and the biggest air force in the world, and at the same time try to be the arsenal of democracy and the larder of the United Nations, our country will be bled white and we will have to draft not only fathers but grandmothers. We must decide what our strategy is and channel our main wealth and manpower into it!

Should both our enemies collapse before adequate long-range air power for their annihilation is

completed, there will assuredly be no occasion for grief. In any case a long-range air force in the future will be the only defense against attack from overhead. And when Uncle Sam sits down at the peace table, his voice will carry more weight if he is backed by adequate military force, which today means air power.

Long-range air power is the one force that can give us victory most surely, most speedily, at a minimum cost in life. It is the force on which the security of our country will depend when the war is won. It is in character with our national genius, which is technological. Our long suit, after all, is not manpower and bayonets — China, Russia and India, for instance, have a great preponderance over us in this respect; our strength resides in industry, science, technological prowess — and long-range air power is the quintessential expression of those things. America cannot, with bayonets alone, complacently face the possibility of a chaotic world teeming with hundreds of millions of people in a state of anarchy. But it can face the world under any conditions if it has the power to denude any aggressor of his industrial set-up, thus disarming him.

Victory through long-range air power is ours for the building.

► *One leading Lucy Stoner who is at home in a man's world.*

CONFESSION OF A FEMINIST

By JANE GRANT

IT must be true that I'm a feminist, for all my friends say so. You drift into a thing like that. With me it probably started with a crack about how men have it pretty soft in the world; or maybe someone was twitting me for being a Lucy Stoner. And there you are, a feminist, and before you know it they say you don't like men, or they say that for various reasons (all unpleasant) you can't adjust yourself to a man's world.

I was funning at first about men having their way all the time. The women I know are neither oppressed nor repressed and, like me, most of them are economically independent. I have gone a little further than most of them by keeping my own name, rather than my husband's, but other women have married and kept their baptismal surnames. Maybe I'm tagged because I goad easily. Let someone

say, "Don't take Jane's arguments about equality too seriously, she's a feminist, you know," and I go marching up the street with a banner and an axe and a torch. All right, I'm a feminist. But I'm not picking on men and I'm betting that equal rights for women will work out fine for men.

From my point of view the fight for equality has never been a battle of the sexes. I have never, in fact, understood why men should object to equality. Men are quite nice when you get to know them and I'm one feminist who would not abolish them if I could. The only men I resent are that group of ancient Colonel Blimps who framed the English Common Law which made chattels of women. Perhaps those Blimps took their cue from St. Paul. It is probably understatement to say that the prejudices built up in St. Paul's name will be

JANE GRANT was born in Missouri and received her formal education there. She was the first general woman reporter on the New York Times, where she worked for fifteen years. In the last war she went to France with the YMCA as an entertainer for the soldiers. She was one of the founders of the New Yorker, and is now a free lance writer.

hard to live down for a long time yet. But the fact is that most men, except for an understandable reluctance to change custom, are tolerant and kind and helpful if you know how to get 'round them. At least that is what I have concluded in my long and quite comfortable association with them. Adjusting myself to their world is one of the things at which I have been rather competent.

You see, I was scarcely eighteen years old when I discovered that I had to earn my living. This happened in the years when women were denied admission to many occupations since opened to them, but that fact worried me not at all for I could sing and I set myself to rise to fame as an opera singer. In those days I lived on a high plane. It worked all right until the high plane gave me a terrifying view of perpendicular open space underneath my perilous economic perch. As it turned out my voice was "sweet," and would startle neither a church mouse nor a bishop. Something more solid was demanded. I took stock and quickly gave up the artistic for the substantial, which I found way down under in the newspaper world.

The great advantage of newspaper work was steadiness, although my microscopic salary would cause

a labor outburst today even in the most anti-feminist union. But when you have rehearsed fourteen weeks in the chorus of a show to be let out before you reach Broadway; when you barnstorm in vaudeville, playing one week in four; when you have a whirl in a cabaret as a member of a dancing team, you look upon ten dollars a week not only as a lot of money but as a very steady anchor. The *New York Times* and ten dollars a week was not so bad. I'm Scotch.

As I have said, I was eighteen, every minute was adventure and my only worry was to keep it going, to keep it steady. But that was the most difficult part of the job because the Fourth Estate glowered at women in those days. In the beginning I was charged not to reveal the fact that a female had been hired, and despite warnings from C. V. Van Anda, that great managing editor, that there would never be advancement for a woman at the *Times*, I began my career. All my associates were men and the situation suited me down to the ground. Men were old hat to me. I come from a large family of males. I knew their strength and their weakness and I was used to getting what I wanted from them by practicing old-fashioned guile.

I discovered the technique quite

early, when my gigantic grandfather, who was the terror of all the children, was miraculously softened one day when I lay my head on his broad chest as he sat in his great armchair. It was during his morning eggnog rite. At 10:30 each morning, except Sunday, and no matter how pressing the work was in the fields, he appeared at the farmhouse. You could set the clock by grandfather's eggnog and grandmother was always ready. It was no mere egg concoction for it contained an exact amount of stick measured from the bottle of spirits. Grandfather was a Baptist deacon and this was medicine, a tonic shared by no other member of the household. He drank it slowly as he delighted in the aroma of the brandy. I longed for a taste from grandfather's cup and I finally tried to get it—but not by asking. My try consisted of gazing helplessly up at him and then gently laying my head against him. He let me sip the cup and I never forgot how easy it was to practice the gentle art of being weak.

Thanks to grandfather and some brutish cousins an office full of men was not dismaying to me. I submitted to the nickname, Fluff, which the reporters at once tacked on me, and did not protest at the usual newspaper office hazings.

Life was gay and exciting. The reporters taught me how to handle stories and how to swear; some beau-ed me and some of the more wonderful fed me; and when we entered the war they pulled every string in Washington to help me with my dearest dream at the moment—to get to France with the AEF as a YMCA entertainer.

After the war I returned to the *Times* and was made a full-fledged reporter. I was in ecstasy—the first and only girl reporter on the *Times*—but I was also sober enough to know that I was just the index to a trend. The war had given women importance, women continued to make news and it was more and more necessary to have them interpreted in the press. It sounds ridiculous now but in 1920 it was news when women were admitted to law schools; it was news when women broke down the stilted medical faculties; practically front page news when a college of engineering matriculated female freshmen. Moreover, women had a vote—in other words, they were in a position to cause other than strictly domestic trouble, and could no longer be ignored. I knew very little about the early feminist struggles. I had followed the activities of the suffra-

gettes with interest but it was not my cause.

I was jolted out of my apathy on the day of my first wedding when one of the witnesses addressed me as Mrs. Ross. My heart stood still at the realization that my own little name had dissolved when the minister finished the service. It's not supposed to be nice to be too selfish about your possessions but a name is different. My name didn't mean a thing to anyone but me; it was a kind of symbol of me — of my aims, my joys, my sorrows. It was just too personal, too much a part of me to be summarily discarded by a wedding ceremony.

My husband was not humoring me when he agreed to help me keep my name. As a matter of fact he actually took the lead. We naïvely believed that all we had to do was to tell our friends that I would keep my name and that would be that. But we learned differently. Men ridiculed me and married women raged. You would have thought the business of a girl keeping her own name was illegal if not criminally immoral. The truth is that no legal obstacle has ever existed, because those old Common Law-makers had overlooked the entire matter of a married woman's name. Almost a hundred years ago Chief Justice Salmon P.

Chase discovered that omission and ruled in behalf of Lucy Stone, the pioneer in woman's cause, who was having no end of trouble in New England guarding her name.

Unless you have perseverance, lawyers and officials will make you sign your husband's name to legal documents, tell you that passports must be taken out in his name — which isn't true — and that you must register to vote under his name. When WACS, WAVES and girl marines marry, for instance, they are whipped into the new name without so much as "by your leave." It was in protest against things of this kind that some of us organized the Lucy Stone League.

II

We had mass meetings, made legal test cases in various states, sent deputations to Washington and made ourselves generally troublesome. Registering at hotels as "John W. Doe and wife, Jane Brown," was quite an oddity at first but we finally established the idea. Another triumph was the passport ruling. We had knocked unavailingly at the door of the State Department while Charles Evans Hughes presided there but Secretary of State Kellogg gave friendly ear and incorporated the

passport ruling. About the only field in which we made no perceptible dent was the field of sports. No matter how strong and skillful a woman athlete may be or how many male records she has broken you will read her name in the papers as Mrs. John Brown, seldom even Mrs. Mary Brown. Helen Wills Moody was an exception, but it was always Mrs. Moody, though she had piled up most of her trophies as Helen Wills. The American Athletic Union was outraged when we suggested that they stop tampering with the names of female sportswomen.

Beginning mildly with names I soon worked up indignation over other feminine taboos. If a girl had to turn handsprings to keep her own name, I reasoned, there must be other darker goings-on. There were plenty, and some of them were in reverse English. Take the matter of privileges. In one form or another every state, I found, was giving marked attention to legislation for women which, no matter how restrictive, was billed as "privilege." Politicians, labor leaders and social workers formed the unholy alliance that took the lead in drafting these so-called privilege laws. They included restricted hours of work, minimum wages, restriction on the occupa-

tions in which women could work, compulsory seats for women workers, and regulations of home work, all of which sounded great and good and made quite a convenient smokescreen.

Plainly visible in the haze, and annoying to a budding feminist, were those anti-suffragettes who, by keeping their fences nicely mended while their fellow females were scrapping for the vote, were now in positions of power as office holders and social workers. They were in the vanguard of the group who believe, in the recent words of Judge Dorothy Kenyon of New York City, that problems confronting women should be "the peculiar responsibility of thinking women." This female aristocracy is led today by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins; Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Division, Manpower Commission; Anna Rosenberg; and others who proclaim that "women must assume equal responsibility with men," but turn thumbs down on proposals for real equality. "Women are not ready for equality," they argue. "That must come slowly."

Now I for one, do not want to be run by a mental aristocracy, in pants or skirts. I want a rightful and equal voice for myself and other women. Despite all the fine

talk on the subject, we women seldom have a chance, a broad-scale chance, to participate in the life of society until there is a war. Then we pitch in, right and left, and learn trades and professions, do *en masse* the things individual women have always done. But we are expected to subside with the lull, and probably we shall once more when this war is won. After ninety-five years of steady prodding women have the vote, but they also have more than a thousand so-called protective laws in all the forty-eight states. The superficial impression that the feminist movement was wound up in triumph when the vote was obtained is as wrong as it can possibly be. The movement is in many ways at its height today with great battles yet to win.

III

I remember, away back in the 'twenties, how startled I was to find that I was legislated a member of a peculiarly fragile and "protected" female class of workers. New York State had passed a law making midnight the working woman's curfew. We were to be protected from the night air and hoodlums. The staff of a morning paper works nights and it waits for

the conventional "goodnight" until the paper has gone to press. Women employees of the paper, such as night-shift telephone operators, printers, proof-readers, secretaries and waitresses were all affected. In most cases they worked the shift because it was easier and more remunerative, but regardless of our preferences we were legislated out of work after midnight. Personally I escaped because the legislators suddenly decided that women reporters were "artists"—and hence excepted.

Back of that pink haze was straight subterfuge. Privilege and protection for women workers neatly widened the male labor market. Under "privilege", women were routed out of war-won jobs. In the 'twenties the move to return women to the status of household chattels was just as real and as strong as in the early 1800's but not as candid. In 1836 the New England Association of Farmers, Mechanics, and Other Workingmen passed a resolution which wrapped up their point of view in a tight package for use by the New England legislatures:

Whereas, Labor is a physical and moral injury to women and a *competitive menace to men*, we recommend legislation to restrict women in industry.

You have to admire that kind of candor.

But candor had become a greater hazard by the 'twenties. Women had participated in the fight for democracy, they were voters and could defeat candidates; a smoke-screen was needed. All factions had up their guards. The mere fact that women had the vote was enough to bring on a torrent of pretty words from Senators and Congressmen and Assemblymen about the nobility of women and the purifying influence they would exert now that there was equality of the sexes. But we soon found we couldn't go far in this equality business. We are subject to a hybrid form of citizenship. We can call ourselves U. S. nationals — the Nineteenth Amendment allows that — but we are only occasionally recognized as persons under the supreme law of the land. We are permitted only by special dispensation rights and duties which male citizens enjoy as a matter of course.

All states have various laws allowing certain freedoms to women: some states permit them to serve on juries, others have laws that specifically allow them to hold public office, still others have legislated to permit women to enter professions formerly closed to them. The point, however, is that no such

laws are needed to give men these rights. In the very extension of new freedoms to women there is thus a humiliating recognition of inferior status.

And the fact remains that twenty-two states do not trust women to sit on juries. Some states allow married women no personal property nor the supervision of their children. In South Carolina even the wife's clothes have been held to be the husband's property. Georgia permits husbands to collect their wives' pay, and even in New York the wife's earnings from projects in the home belong to her husband. In Massachusetts and Michigan, among other places, the earnings of a minor child belong to the father only. In Ohio women are barred from earning a living as taxi drivers. In Florida, until this May, women could not engage in business without husbandly consent and had to go to court and be declared a "free earner" in order to make contracts and other legal documents. In Texas it took a special law to make it possible for a woman, "Ma" Ferguson, to act as Governor. In sixteen states, including New York and Connecticut, women are forbidden to work at night in certain specified industries. And this is a mere sampling.

The Fourteenth Amendment to

the Constitution clearly says, "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without process of law, nor deny any persons within the jurisdiction the equal protection of laws." When that Amendment was passed, shortly after the Civil War, women read its plain language and assumed that as persons and citizens they were all bibbed and tuckered with constitutional equality. But not at all. When it came to a test case the Supreme Court ruled that persons were males and there has been the very devil to pay ever since. Fifty years later we got the vote. Will it be fifty years more before the Equal Rights Amendment — "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex" — is properly passed by Congress and ratified by the states?

Of course the fight would be simpler if more average women took a hand in it. Too many intelligent women have only the vaguest opinions on the subject. Many of them who should know better actually think that we already have equal rights. Then there are those others — a self-confessed feminist

like myself gazes at them in amazement — who refuse to be interested. Confident in their personal security, they brush the matter aside. Nearly all of them, I can assure you on the basis of some exhaustive personal polls, think that woman's lot is not a happy one, that we were born to suffer, that we are biologically so "different" if not "inferior." My complaint, therefore, is more against women than against men. Though of course, we still have to beat down the chivalry of the gentlemen in Washington towards those women opportunists who insist on special protection for us all.

Don't think I object to chivalry. I love it — at the proper time. And since I am now married to a southern fella I am treated to a lot of it. When we were first married he had an awful time with me about my opening doors and carrying bundles. I was brought up to wait upon myself, and with all these ideas about equality I suppose I have become a little defensive about doing my share. Also, being quite able-bodied, it seems silly not to be helpful when I can be. But my husband is very firm. *He* wants to ring elevator bells and pick up my handkerchief; it gives him a great deal of pleasure, so I admit I'm compromising my principles.

► The Menace of Japan *was*
scorned into oblivion.

HE WARNED US AGAINST JAPAN

BY EDWARD HUNTER

IT is time we made amends to a genial, shy Irishman named Taid O'Conroy — Tim to those who knew him. O'Conroy is dead now: not assassinated, as he had expected to be, but harassed to death because of the book which he gave us, and which we rejected, ten years ago. The book was *The Menace of Japan*. It was one of the first to expose the every-Jap-a-god mentality which even then had long been the motivating force of Nipponese world policy. O'Conroy pleaded with us to believe that this fanatical attitude, shared by the entire nation, made a Jap attack on America inevitable, but he succeeded only in arousing a few feeble shoulder shrugs.

One man in the Occident did take him seriously — another Irishman named George Bernard Shaw. "I want to tell people to read *The Menace of Japan*," GBS wrote.

"Prof. O'Conroy is one of the most remarkable men in the world. . . . The book is a revelation. Japan is a menace — to the West as well as to the East." All others — critics, experts, particularly American liberals — sneered and scowled the book into oblivion. As we look back now, in the midst of the war in the Pacific, upon O'Conroy's shrill warning and its reception at the time, we can see ourselves as in a mirror, with our complacencies and illusions staring us remorselessly in the face.

Few libraries even have a copy of O'Conroy's book, for only 2,400 came off the presses. But if you locate one you will find that the last sentence on the last page reads: "I say that JAPAN WANTS WAR."

The capitals are the author's own; and he italicized the statement that ninety million Japanese

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"*know* they are divine." He described the "inherent cruelty" of the Japanese people. They constitute, he wrote:

A primitive tribe that has been trained in modern warfare, that has had the results of a Western mechanical civilization thrust suddenly upon them. . . . Behind the superficial veneer is the *knowledge* of a divine right to rule the world, that awareness of their superiority over peoples of the universe, and this has made them a race of religious fanatics whose God is Japan.

The volume made no impression, drawing merely a few sparks of righteous anger. Its 300 pages rated about a hundred words in the *New York Times*, where John Chamberlain wrote, on March 8, 1934:

The trouble with *The Menace of Japan* is that it is a book belonging to the international rabble-rousing class; it does not make it sufficiently plain that what Japan seeks to do in the Far East is only a repetition of what Western nations have been doing since Sir Francis Drake returned home with a cargo of loot for Queen Elizabeth. We will propose a test for writers: let them confess their own national sins before they accuse others. . . .

No one in America thought enough of O'Conroy's book to take up his main warnings one by one. We dismissed them wholesale and rested on the easy skepticism summed up in a review by Lewis Gannett in the *New York Herald Tribune* on March 7, 1934:

Mr. O'Conroy sometimes writes as if he never heard of other people who claim intimacy with God. He writes of spy manias, apparently, before our Jersey police had excitedly arrested Japanese tourists for photographing the Pulaski Skyway; his discussion of regimentation and dismissal of professors reads as if he had never heard of Bertrand Russell and Scott Nearing. He writes with scant perspective!

In the blindness that passed for tolerance, Mr. Gannett continued with a plea for "understanding" rather than "denunciation" of Japan — "a nation whose history, as a whole, is considerably more pacific than that of the Western empires." Then, as now, denunciation of your own country in the name of understanding of other countries was the mark of liberalism. Everywhere the claim was made that *The Menace of Japan* was exaggerated. Such things were obviously beyond belief, it was glibly pointed out. There was "small need" to investigate further charges made in a tract which contained such "fantastic" stuff as this:

To begin to understand the Japanese mentality and to penetrate his mind, it is absolutely essential to grasp to its uttermost significance this fact: the Japanese are convinced, they are even more than convinced, they *know*, that they are descended from the Gods; and further, they *know* that they are the only race on earth that can make this claim. . . . From this it follows naturally that a member of any other race in the world is a "barbarian."

This faith in their divine right has given them a tremendous, almost unbelievable conceit in themselves. It obtrudes upon every phase in their lives; it has given each individual a quiet, smug self-satisfaction of mind, and in their books and newspapers has reached a point that has become menacing.

Nathaniel Peffer, expert on Far Eastern affairs, joined in deploring Tim's rabble-rousing. "Mr. O'Conroy is only venting passions," he wrote in a review on March 18, 1934. "He has much to say, if only he could say it soberly. As it is, he cannot be taken seriously." O'Conroy, with complete accuracy, foretold the extent of Japan's aggressive aims. Mr. Peffer dismissed this as another proof of personal spleen:

Mr. O'Conroy has lived in Japan for fifteen years, part of the time as professor in Keio University, and it has got on his nerves. Mr. O'Conroy is exploding the cumulative fury of fifteen years, seeking ease in a book for the soreness of fifteen years of pin-pricking. . . . No race can be as satanic, as vicious, as barbarous as he says the Japanese are, and besides, not all of the members of any race can be covered by the same adjectives.

II

Tim O'Conroy was, indeed, speaking from direct knowledge. For many years he had taught French and English in Tokyo's Naval College. He had fallen in love with and married a Japanese, adjusted his

life to the life of Nippon and moved freely in Japanese social circles. The country's ambitions and intentions had been expounded in his hearing as unreservedly as though he were a son of Nippon. Finally, it is true, he could listen no longer with equanimity. He abandoned a safe economic anchorage in order that he might warn Britain and the United States that the time for patient, academic detachment on Japanese policy had long passed. *The Menace of Japan* was that warning.

Having quoted one of Japan's great newspapers as saying that "Japan should subjugate the nations of the East and conquer the world at the point of the bayonet," O'Conroy insisted that this was no empty boast. It is "the essence of thought of the young Japan of to-day," he reported. Again and again he had heard sentiments no less extreme expressed in college essays by his own students:

There is only one thing fixed in the mind of every student leaving his school or university with any degree of certainty; I refer, of course, to Shinto. He has been fed with patriotic propaganda all his life and upon graduation is fanatical. This, combined with the scraps of information of other countries, with the lies that he has been told by his professors, make him the menace that he is. . . . I was in the position, through my status at Keio University, of meeting people in high

places. . . . I have said before that people will laugh at me. I am prepared for this. I know I am right. Japan will slowly carry out her plans as I have indicated.

In the first years of his Nipponese sojourn O'Conroy had paid little attention to politics. It was not until Japan began openly to prepare for its conquest of Manchuria that he was aroused from the spell of Japanese cherry blossoms and womanhood. In his chapter on Manchuria he writes:

It is probably since the Korean annexation in 1910 that the dream of Eastern subjugation has been germinating in Japan, and today this dream has grown into a colossal proposition of conquering the world. This statement, which I have repeated many times throughout the book, is not a mere fantasy. I can say from my own experience with many thousands of Japanese students, of ages from ten up to thirty-five, that this is a determination in the minds of the men of Japan, both civilians and military. I have corrected thousands upon thousands of essays during the fifteen years that I was teaching English in Japan, and this national view, or desire for world war, was insinuated into every essay upon every possible occasion.

Publication of *The Menace of Japan* in England, as already indicated, interested only Bernard

Shaw. But one American correspondent in London, William Hillman, did find it worth a dispatch to the New York *American*. The summary transmitted by cable makes curious reading in the light of events from Pearl Harbor to this day. Hillman told of O'Conroy's assertion that "Hawaii and the Philippines are objects of the conquest plans intended to give Japan control of the eastern Pacific." He quoted the book's warning that "the former German Pacific islands, given to Japan under the League of Nations mandate after the World War, are destined to be naval bases for defense against Britain and attack against the United States. Japan's eyes are on Siam, Shanghai, Singapore, Malaya, Burma, India, Hong Kong, Hawaii, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Indo-China, all Asia and Eastern Russia."

The time has passed, of course, when we can make any practical use of O'Conroy's remarkable forecast. But it is high time we saluted the memory of an Irish teacher who was maligned for his attempt to shatter our smugness.



THE sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word "liberty."

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychology

SUICIDE AND WAR

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

A PARADOXICAL condition noted in all wars is now taking place, namely, a drop in the suicide rate in belligerent as well as neighboring neutral countries. In the United States, for example, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in the first nine months of 1942, the rate of suicides dropped to 7.2 per 100,000 policy-holders, the second lowest on record. In England the suicide rate has dropped yearly since 1939, and in 1941 was 15 per cent below the last peace year. Germany normally has about the highest suicide rate of all European countries, but between 1939-1941, the rate dropped as much as 30 per cent.

This trend follows the pattern set in World War I. In the United States, the decline in suicides began in 1916 and continued until

1920, when it dropped to less than 50 per cent of normal. Strangely enough, the decline induced by the war has had permanent beneficial effects, since our suicide rate has never returned to pre-war levels, even during the terrible years of the depression.

Germany, whose normal 1927-1938 rate for suicides per 100,000 population ranged from 25.2 to 29.2, had a war rate in 1918 of only 15.3, the lowest ever recorded. In England and Wales, the 1917 figure was only one-half the 1930 figure. Scotland had a pre-war suicidal rate of 5.7, a war rate of 4.3, and a postwar rate of 9.8; Italy a pre-war rate of 8.5, a war rate of 7.5, and a postwar rate of 9.6; Japan a pre-war rate of 19.1, a war rate of 17.6 and a postwar rate of 20.6.

Neutral countries also felt this strange beneficent impact of war. Consider Sweden as an example. In 1913, its suicide rate per 100,000

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was 17.9; in 1914 (the outbreak of World War I) the rate was 15.9; in 1915, 15.4; in 1916, 13.2; in 1917, 10.2; and in 1918, 10.0. In 1919, the year following the war, it rose to 13.6 and in 1920 it was 14.7. Neutral Switzerland had a pre-war rate of 24.0, a war rate of 19.9, a postwar rate of 25.3.

Other wars yielded similar results. During our Civil War only two states kept statistics of suicidal deaths. In Massachusetts the 1856-60 rate was 8.0 and the Connecticut rate was 6.1. But "during the war years 1861 to 1865," says Dr. Louis I. Dublin, the rate "fell to 6.3 and 4.6 respectively. Abroad, during the general upheaval and revolutions of 1848 and 1849, suicides diminished throughout almost the whole of Europe. In the years of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871) in France there were 1041 fewer suicides in 1870 and 708 fewer in 1871 than the four-year range from 1866 to 1869."

Although war brings down the number of suicides, it is erroneous to believe that army life itself has a calming effect on suicidal inclinations. In truth, the suicide rate of an army is notoriously high. If you should choose 1929 as a typical year, you will find the U. S. Army suicide rate was 39 per 100,000 as compared with 27 for the civilian

population. In Austria, between the years 1876 and 1890, the suicide rate per million was 1254 for soldiers and 122 for the general population.

In England the army rate per million was 209, the civilian rate 79; in France, the army rate was 333, the civilian rate 265. It is interesting to note, in addition, that officers everywhere show a consistently higher suicide rate than ordinary soldiers.

But as soon as the tocsin of war strikes, even the military becomes calmer, and, as in the civilian population, there is less self-destruction. The United States in this respect is typical. Our army had a suicide rate in 1914 of 53 per 100,000, and in 1915 the figure rose to 54.

Yet in 1916, on the eve of America's entrance into World War I, the rate fell to 43, and in 1917 it nose-dived to 20. For the next two years it settled at the remarkably low figure of 12. Again definitely at peace, the army suicide rate in 1920 jumped to 32, and it has been jumping irregularly upward until halted and then pushed back by the outbreak of World War II.

It is still too early to quote definite figures, but the downward trend is clear enough.

II

What is the explanation for this phenomenon? Psychologists and psychiatrists consider it quite understandable. Despite the ruin and chaos and tragedy, war strengthens the mental health of children and adults and even neurotics and psychotics.

Dr. Robert D. Gillespie, psychiatric specialist of the RAF, who delivered the 1942 coveted Salmon Memorial Lectures at the New York Academy of Medicine, disclosed that the British Psychiatric Hospital set aside for air personnel remained empty so long that it was eventually converted to general use. He told of a Scotsman who was shot down over the Channel and who swam around in the icy water for several hours, amid a spray of machine-gun bullets. When eventually rescued, he complained only of a "nervous headache." "In the thirty years since I have left elementary school, I have never been more idle than when a psychiatrist in the RAF," said Dr. Gillespie.

This is the first war in which civilian populations have become part of the battlefield, and England represents a laboratory by which we can test the behaviour of ordinary men, women and chil-

dren in the face of danger and death. It can now be categorically stated that war, far from creating mental difficulties, seems to buck up personal morale. Consider the experience of Guy's Hospital, located in one of the very poor and populated sections of London. In this severely bombed area, there was practically no increase in the number of neurotic cases that could be traced directly to the stresses and strains associated with war. Even pulverized Coventry reported directly after the raid a smaller percentage of factory absenteeism than usual. During the London blitz, fewer days were lost by salesgirls and other workers than normally. A study made of a group of workers in a London area in the peace days of 1939 showed 687 lost work days, but for a comparable period during the heavy air bombardment of 1940-1941, only 673 days were lost. At the same time, night clubs, theatres, restaurants were doing the best business of a generation.

This buoyant, healthful attitude extends to children. Speaking of a group of refugee children who were bombed and machine-gunned while crossing the English Channel, Dr. Elizabeth R. Gillard said, "No child was anxious or tearful; not one showed loss of appetite, loss of

sleep or a tendency to cling to his mother."

In general, reports indicate that it was difficult to keep children in shelters during the devastating London, Plymouth, Coventry raids. They thought the pyrotechnics huge fun and would sneak out to watch. The incendiaries proved a heaven-sent sport as they climbed roofs to catch them and then cast them off. In a memorandum printed in the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. J. Allison Glover, for years medical officer of the Board of Education, reported that the health of the school child is "well maintained, whether it be judged by clinical assessment of nutrition, average measurement of growth, the incidence of neurosis, or the general impression of doctors, nurses and teachers closest in touch with the child."

To understand more fully the reason for the remarkable mental health associated with war, we must understand why men and women break down. Nearly all neuroses and psychoses are caused by inadequacies to meet the problems of life — inability to make and keep friends, fear of meeting new situations, incapacity to solve the many problems that come up during the course of living, failure at work, in marriage, socially. In

general, it may be said that the neurotic and the psychotic find life so difficult and containing so little pleasure that they prefer to escape from it in a world of their own.

War is a God-send to such individuals. They begin to live purposeful, meaningful, even glamorous lives. They wear uniforms; they collect scrap, they act as air raid wardens. They find jobs easily. The employer overlooks inadequacies. They discover that if they wish to complain, no one will listen to them, and a great many are loath and even a little ashamed to complain. For the first time they feel no longer alone. They belong to something big and exciting. All this is better than tons of medicine, and it helps them tolerate almost any hardships. Because of the lack of toilet facilities in the British shelters, the stench that emanated therefrom could be smelled for blocks, yet thousands of Londoners returned night after night to this filth and turmoil, even when there existed no possibility of bombing. As Dr. Robert Gillespie said, "Shelter life and community centers fill a need for companionship and entertainment which were hitherto unmet."

There is the case of a twenty-four-year-old dental mechanic, a shy, tim-

id, "miserable shrimp." He dreaded to handle a gun or work with casualties, yet under attack he was transformed into a heroic, self-sacrificing individual. He had three remarkable escapes from severe bombings, one in a shelter, another in his home and a third in his second home. He saw his parents badly cut up. He proved a successful warden and he welcomed air raids. "It is me against them. I'll show them I'm quicker." He unconsciously explained the reason

for his bravery thus: "When an air raid comes, the girls look up to me, and they cling to me and I look after them." His work helped him overcome failure and frustration.

War thus removes many of the causes of suicide, especially loneliness and the sense of personal failure. It makes the mentally unbalanced feel important and reluctant to let go of life. This explains the decline in the rate of self-destruction.

Music

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE VIOLIN

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

THE most important as well as the most cheerful of recent events in music is the introduction among us of the instrumental music of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in Italy—the music of the golden age of the violin. In other respects, our musical culture dangerously resembles the air in the subways, which is to say, it is fairly stale.

Two little abuses, on the part of

orchestral conductors and radio-directors, prettily have been vitiating this almost best of the possessions of contemporary man's for us. One of them is our leaders' touching fidelity to a limited number of compositions. Their constant rotation of the well-tried and established has been impairing the power of Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikowsky and the other standard symphonists. Not even the most heroic substance can stand such over-use. The other abuse flows from their equally touching passion for the indiscriminate in-

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introduction of second-rate novelties, such as the complete output of Shostakovich the brittle and Sibelius the bourgeois—in the word's pre-Marxian sense.

The saving introduction of the unhackneyed masterpieces of the violin's golden age, to be sure, is a revival, and the business of revival, in Romain Rolland's celebrated phrase, ever is tantamount to "opening a window—on a courtyard." Still, the musical public is indebted, more possibly than it knows, to the artists, interpreters, recorders, directors, who are responsible for the dissemination. It is no mean delight to hear the suave and simple and aristocratically sober accents of the sonatas, concerti, symphonies of Corelli, Vivaldi, Leonardo Leo and the rest of the old Italian galaxy; and today we are hearing them with increasing frequency, and over the air no less frequently than in the concert rooms. A generation since, the sumptuous work of these old composers was pretty well unknown outside conservatories, and even there known only most fragmentarily. Covered with the dust of two centuries, it lay in MS. and rare editions on the dark shelves in musty libraries.

Its rediscovery has been a consequence of the Bach and Händel

renaissances. Excited by the treasures uncovered in these revivals, interest began directing itself towards the works of the predecessors of these mid-eighteenth century titans, among whom the Italian masters of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries prominently figured. Scholars began a systematic re-examination of their rare old editions and MSS.

Musicians at first were attracted to the choral rather more than the instrumental compositions. With the appearance of new editions of the instrumental music, their interest embraced this, also, with alacrity.

II

Back there, in Italy 250 years ago, Stradivarius of Cremona at length had succeeded in perfecting a type of musical instrument which for over a century had been attaining ever greater favor. This was the violin.

Originally it and the members of its family such as the viola and the 'cello had been considered vulgar instruments, suitable for taverns and inferior to the medieval viols. People had found the violin's tone disagreeably piercing. There is no doubt that the original speci-

mens of the species were uncouth and uncontrollable. Because of the power, the continuity and the humanity of its tone, the lutemakers of Northern Italy, however, during the seventeenth century, had been refining the instrument; and musicians simultaneously had been acquiring the technique which taught it to sing.

All during the century the business of composition for the new instrument also was progressing; to a large extent at the instigation of the Church, as ever eager to employ every means able to increase the splendor of her ritual. Pieces for string-ensembles were written for performance immediately before and after High Mass. Violin solos were introduced at the moment of the elevation of the Host. Naturally dignified, noble in style, these ritualistic compositions were called church-sonatas in contrast to pieces intended for social occasions, made up of movements built on ancient dance rhythms and called chamber-sonatas. New schemes of composition also were in process of evolution: that of the concerto grosso, which artfully juxtaposes the sonorities of large and small instrumental groups; that of the concerto, which provides conspicuous rôles for solo instruments; and finally, even

though rudimentarily enough, the symphony.

Huge string orchestras began coming into use. At a concert in the palace of ex-Queen Christina of Sweden, in Rome in 1682, Corelli conducted a band of 150 strings. Contemporaneously, Lully, conducting the orchestra of the opera in Paris, regularly disposed of eighty-five "violins."

The violin's golden age, or first great period of artistic prosperity, itself was brought about by the appearance of the men of genius who, bewitched by its perfected tone, in the decades about 1700 poured magnificent music into the forms appropriate to the instrument. Many of these individuals became European celebrities.

The leader of them all was Guiseppi Torelli of Bologna, to-day little more than a name to the musical world. The most famous probably was Archangelo Corelli, the chief musician in Rome to Cardinal Ottoboni, an enthusiastic musical amateur who entertained ambassadors, visiting royalty and other notabilities for his uncle, Pope Innocent XII. Corelli, amusingly, was extremely parsimonious and a lover of fine paintings. Händel who knew him said that his chief delight consisted in obtaining admissions to picture collections

without paying entrance-fees. He was also extremely sensitive. Stories of the anguish caused him by artistic humiliations are famous among musicologists.

Probably the greatest of these composers, however, was Antonio Vivaldi, a Venetian priest, called "the red," because of the color of his hair, not his politics. What manner of priest he was can be gathered from the fact that, on an occasion, a cardinal forbade the production of one of his operas on the grounds that Vivaldi never said mass and openly was living with the prima donna. He conducted an all-girl orchestra in an *Ospedale*, a conservatory where impecunious females received musical educations. That his orchestra approached H. Leopold Spitalny's in point of feminine pulchritude is not to be presumed. Doubtless, however, it played well. What really is important is that for its benefit Vivaldi composed his majestic concerti, largely the models of those of J. S. Bach. Another Venetian, the patrician Benedetto Marcello, ranks highly in this galaxy.

Together, these men finally fused the hitherto distinct spirits of the rich and elaborate religious sonatas and the earthy, jocund secular pieces, and so initiated in music-

making the unity and universality of spirit which beautifully came to characterize the ensuing classical music of Europe. Therein lies not a little of their glory. That their compositions haven't quite the warmth of those of their great German successors cannot be denied. Corelli's, for example, are wonderfully limpid, polished, correct in point of harmony, unerringly tasteful. But Corelli dwelt in Rome, and the Roman note, though often grand, ever is a trifle chill. Mainly it is in Vivaldi that we encounter abundance, audacity, a plenitude of sonority.

Again, all these masters' compositions are program music to an extent which may well prevent their complete reception. Yet their music is unfailingly fresh and spontaneous in substance and feeling. Its melodies are delightful, its rhythms emancipated, and the nice proportionateness of its contrasts of sonorities remains amazing.

The style is quiet, healthily realistic in mood, reserved in the expression of melancholy, sane and simple in that of gayety. Its naturalization among us must appear the deed of benign powers, calling in something of the fine spirit of the Old World, to redress the balance of the New.

When the stork



DURING this year, close to three and one quarter million babies will have been born to American mothers—an all-time record. About the same number may be expected during the coming year.

Every mother-to-be wants, above everything, a healthy, happy baby. The wisest step she can take is to see the doc-

tor *early*—especially in these days of war-time worries and emotional stress.

Such a visit helps the doctor keep both mother and baby in the best possible health . . . helps them avoid complications while medical and hospital facilities are under great strain.

An early visit also enables the doctor

arrives in wartime

to schedule later visits to conserve his and the mother's time . . . to make hospital reservations or necessary home arrangements including, perhaps, available nursing service.

For expectant mothers who are employed, it is *doubly* advisable to seek the doctor's early advice about the suitability of the work and how long it may continue.

The health program outlined by the doctor will vary with the individual. Wartime conditions, including rationing, make individual advice especially helpful. Here are some things the doctor usually emphasizes . . .

A nourishing diet. The mother needs the basic foods essential to the health of both herself and her baby. The right diet also helps keep the mother's teeth in sound condition. A visit to the dentist may be advised.

Exercise, sunshine, and fresh air. Proper exercise helps the body's muscles make necessary adjustments. Violent effort—especially reaching—should be avoided.

Sleep and rest. Eight hours each night is the minimum. Daily rest periods and an afternoon nap are beneficial. It is wise to perform as many household tasks as possible while seated—preparing vege-

tables, for example.

Clothing. In general, clothing should be light in weight, comfortably warm, attractive and, for economy's sake, easy to alter. Shoes of the type most comfortable to you are important.

A booklet of facts—free

Your doctor's advice can do much to keep you comfortable and in good spirits during the months before your baby is born. Upon request, Metropolitan will mail you a 48-page booklet, 123-L, entitled, "Information for Expectant Mothers," containing information which doctors usually want their patients to have for ready reference.

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► *What and how much will
we eat this winter?*

THE FOOD OUTLOOK

BY VANCE JOHNSON

THIS is the winter we were to go hungry. Food shortages "approaching famine" would grip us, we were told — in February, when meat and butter had practically disappeared from market counters; in April, when a poll of county agricultural agents foretold a 20 per cent decline in production; in June and July, when meat and butter shortages reappeared. A new "crisis," we were told, threatened every thirty days. Governors, mayors, congressmen and a host of others joined in the chorus. President Roosevelt replaced two food administrators in a period of less than four months.

Winter has come. What has happened? Meat still is scarce, but abundant compared to what the average city shopper found in February, the month before rationing began. Butter still is precious even if you have the points required to buy a pound, but margarine is

plentiful and point-cheap. Other foods are rare, but no shortages "approaching famine" have developed.

American farmers this year have put the calamity howlers to shame. The harvest now being completed is the second largest in this country's history — second only to 1942, which was an almost perfect year for farming. When this year's farm production is added to an unprecedented livestock population of 80,000,000 head, it amounts to the largest food supply in American history — 5 per cent above 1942; 32 per cent above the average of the last five pre-war years; about 46 per cent above the peak supply in World War I.

Except for fresh fruits and vegetables, we eat this year food which was produced last year. Food produced in 1943 will carry us through the harvest of 1944. A fourth of this supply has been set aside by the

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government for the armed services and lend-lease; more, perhaps, will be needed to fill the absolute minimum requirements of hungry peoples of the re-occupied areas. The rest, the part left for civilians, equals the average of food consumed in the United States from 1935 to 1939.

This *does not* mean we shall be comfortable this winter — or at any time before the war ends. If past experience is any guide, some foods will be critically short for brief periods in local areas. Temporary and painful breakdowns in the distribution system must be expected. Some foods will be short by peacetime standards; others only in comparison with swollen wartime demands. Of still others there will be continuing over-all deficits: for the year ending June 30, 1944, the government has reduced civilian allocations of butter 19.5 per cent below 1942. Allocations of cheese have been reduced 39.4 per cent, condensed, evaporated and dried milk 40.8 per cent, canned vegetables 21 per cent and canned fruits and fruit juices 37 per cent. But we are not going hungry. Our suffering is apt to be more psychological than physiological.

Had the farmers of America not put forth an almost superhuman

effort this year our situation might have been far more serious. This effort will be recognized some day as one of the glorious chapters of the war — as magnificent as the record of American industry in producing implements of battle. It is unfortunate that the value of this achievement has been overshadowed by the recurrent intramural rows in Washington, by the constant fight over price controls, and by the exaggerated statements of "Main Street farmers" and excited politicians who saw disaster in every temporary or local food shortage and in every tightening of the belt decreed by the government.

American farmers added ten million acres to cultivation this year. Despite severe handicaps in many respects they established new records in the production of poultry and eggs, of such fresh vegetables as beans, carrots and kale, of many crops vital in wartime: 3,000,000,000 pounds of dry beans and peas; 206,000,000 bushels of soybeans; 2,700,000,000 pounds of peanuts; 460,000,000 bushels of potatoes; 69,000,000 bushels of rice. Despite floods on the upper Mississippi, the Ohio and the Illinois, they produced the second largest corn crop in thirty-two years — approximately 3,000,000,000 bush-

els. There were other near records: about 118,000,000,000 pounds of milk; 835,000,000 bushels of wheat; 74,700,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, more than 10,500,000 bales of cotton.

The real significance of these gains lies not so much in the overwhelming quantities produced as in the degree of conversion of the farm plant — from crops farmers were equipped for and accustomed to growing in peacetime to those of highest nutrient content and thus most valuable in wartime.

Among the most important war crops are the fats and oils. Aside from their high nutritive value, they are vital to the United States because until the war we were a fats importing nation, and we lost our chief source of supply, the Dutch East Indies, to the Japanese.

This year, despite a severe mid-summer drouth in the Southeastern producing area, we produced more than twice as many peanuts as the average produced in the ten years 1932-1941. Despite the spring floods in the Midwest and drouth elsewhere, production of soybeans was 157,000,000 bushels — 400 per cent — above the ten-year average; production of flaxseed was 30,400,000 bushels — 300 per cent — above the average. Other shifts in

production are no less impressive. A major agricultural revolution has taken place in the South, bringing about great increases in dairy, poultry, peanut, potato and feed production at the expense of the smallest cotton acreage since the 1870's.

Fortunate weather played an important rôle in these achievements; 1943 was the sixth consecutive above-normal crop year. And official guidance and foresight must receive due credit, even after full allowance for specific blunders. Few deny that serious mistakes were made in Washington. The War Food Administration now concedes that too much emphasis was placed on livestock production in the early stages of the war program, with the result that feed stocks which were regarded as burdensome only two years ago have been in danger of being depleted. Farmers were urged to pour the feed into hogs, beef cattle and dairy cattle to get extra weight and extra milk, with the result that an acute shortage of high-protein feeds developed in mid-summer. Now the government is trying to re-educate farmers down to the level of pre-war feeding, and a continued diminishing of the livestock population, sought for 1944, seems likely until the end of the war.

Meat distribution has been a constant headache, to consumer and producer, to processor and merchandiser. A series of expedient measures — slaughtering quotas, slaughter and selling licenses, ceiling prices on live hogs and, finally, abandonment of quotas altogether — have been tried without, as this is written, having eliminated the problem. Until recently, food officials bickered incessantly with price officials over farm prices. Food and manpower officials were sadly late in recognizing a critical shortage of farm labor. Higher policy officials, including James F. Byrnes, then director of economic stabilization, were slow to break a bottleneck in the War Production Board and make available steel for farm machinery and repair parts which were needed especially because farmers were tilling more land with less labor.

When finally the WPB, in early summer, raised the steel allocation from 23 to 60 per cent of that consumed in farm equipment in 1940, it was too late for manufacturers to turn out any sizeable quantity of machines in time. Though all restrictions were lifted from production of repair parts, farmers in many sections still were complaining at harvest time that dealers could not supply them.

There is abundant evidence to support the view that the food administration has not paid enough attention to the small farmers. James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, estimates at least 1,300,000 farm families are producing less than maximum capacity because of lack of financing and equipment. He estimates they could step up total food production approximately 20 per cent, if the government would advance an average of \$700 a family in loans and would spend \$50 a year per family in administration and in offering technical advice and supervision.

But there are offsetting factors. The plus and minus elements of wartime food management were listed recently in a significant appraisal by Joseph H. Davis, an eminent agricultural economist who served with Herbert Hoover in the first food administration and who for twenty years has headed the Food Research Institute of Stanford University. He said:

Allocation of available supplies among the armed forces, the allies, and civilians is being intelligently done, on the whole. Lack of integration in top policy and leadership is a serious and persistent handicap, and the requisite coordination is not yet in evidence. Government enlistment of trade, industry and consumer cooperation has been far from adequate. Food rationing has nevertheless been a substantial success,

even if many improvements in it are yet needed. . . . *The public does not properly understand the food situation, the reasons for numerous irritating restrictions, or the continuing part that it must play.* Our people are too easily misled by alarmist statements arising from ignorance, misunderstanding, partisanship, or intentional exaggeration even in high places.

II

Counterbalancing the remarkable increases in food production since the war began is a steadily rising demand on our resources from outside our shores. Several millions of our soldiers are fighting, or maintaining garrisons, in widely separated points around the globe. We have undertaken to supply our allies, Great Britain and Russia in particular, with certain minimum quantities of foodstuffs. We were unable to meet in full our commitments to them last year, yet their needs continue to grow. Before this summer's offensive by the Red Army, 40 per cent of all of the Soviet Union's cultivated land — including territory which supplied 56 per cent of her pork, 35 per cent of her beef — was under German control. Her acute food situation was made worse by a severe summer drouth in the Kuban and other parts of South Russia.

By numerous statements from

President Roosevelt and other high officials, by the creation of an Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, by repeated propaganda broadcasts promising the occupied areas that "the Americans bring food," we tacitly have committed ourselves to feed the peoples of lands we re-occupy. The size of this undertaking naturally cannot be estimated accurately in advance. We must, however, assume that sooner or later at least a sizeable proportion of Europe's 400 million people will look to us for succor.

Food officials say the size of the task will depend, in large measure, on the time of year the new areas are re-occupied, and upon the real need of the European populations. British authorities have estimated that 60 to 75 per cent of the continental population will need some kind of relief; representatives of the exiled governments have calculated that four-fifths of the relief food must come from the United States. On the other hand, Governor Lehman, U. S. director of foreign relief, has said that at least 50 per cent, and perhaps more, of the total cereals required "can readily come from areas other than the United States, and it should be noted that cereals comprise well over half of the total tonnage of any table of relief shipments."

The need for charitable relief thus far has proved considerably less than had been expected. Our food shipments to North Africa through August aggregated only about 165,000 tons. The total relief commitment there, including clothing, medicine, etc., was only 30,000 tons a month. There have been two surprising developments: *First*, that however much the Germans have drained off the resultant produce, they have done a fairly good job of securing increased production of the most needed foods. *Second*, agricultural regions have suffered astonishingly little damage.

This has been a war of strong-points. Cities may be wiped from the map, leaving their inhabitants hungry and destitute, but in the open field great stretches of land may never be touched. If large areas of Europe thus escape, our relief problem may be materially reduced. The extent of the drain on civilian supplies in the United States will depend in large measure on the policy finally adopted by the President and his relief organization. While there has as yet been no clear exposition of our intentions, there are indications that policy has undergone change — toward conservatism — in recent months.

If collapse comes in mid-winter,

officials say, our problem will be greatest; if it comes in early spring, the total load may be lightened if we can provide quickly the means of getting farms back into production. The War Food Administration estimates it holds title to a "working reserve" of food sufficient to fill present foreign requirements for four or five months. If a sudden new demand should develop, considerable extra quantities might be found for a comparatively short period by dipping into the residual stocks needed to keep our distribution system functioning. That obviously is not a comfortable margin; we either would have to find considerable quantities of food among the other United Nations or cut civilian allowances at home, or fall short on relief shipments.

III

The imponderables of the relief load, plus disturbances in domestic distribution, have led to concern in some quarters for our own dietary well-being. A sub-committee of the Food Advisory Committee, a policy group within the Department of Agriculture, felt compelled in August to warn that, contrary to the "common impression," the United States "has never been and cannot become the food basket of

the United Nations." In place of "an easy assumption that we always will have more food than we know what to do with," it said, "must come the painful realization that our food supplies are low today and will remain so until at least two or three years after the end of the war." The immense total quantity of food necessary to successful prosecution of the war by the Allies, the report pointed out, can be secured only by the "planful and systematic use of all the land, labor and other resources of the United Nations, including colonial and neutral areas."

Asserting the greatest increase in this quantity with the least expenditure of critical resources can be made through vigorous development of production of selected foods *outside the United States*, the group advised the government to start in its own backyard — and to start with the lowly bean and pea: "Excellent possibilities for increased production of beans and peas exist in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, French Africa and other areas, but especially in Canada and Chile." Production in Chile and Canada actually declined in 1942 and 1943, for want of markets, at a time when the British asked for and received large quantities of beans from the United States under lend-lease. We dis-

continued the practice when food officials learned of Canada's declining acreage. With a guaranteed market and other assistance, the subcommittee maintained Chile could increase its production of beans and lentils by 88,000,000 to 198,000,000 pounds a year; expand its pea production by 87,000 acres to provide an export surplus of 88,000,000 pounds; and simultaneously supply for export 29,000,000 pounds of chickpeas.

The Administration made a small start toward foreign food procurement in September, 1942, and has in operation a number of contracts with the food ministries of some Latin American countries, and with some large individual producers, calling for specific increases in oil crops, rice and other cereals. It also negotiated contracts with fishing companies for larger catches off the Grand Banks. In seeking another large increase in soybean, peanut, bean and pea production for 1944, Food Administrator Marvin Jones said, "We are counting on considerable contributions from other countries," which may be taken as indication of the "change of viewpoint" called for by the sub-committee.

Food shortages were slow in catching up with the American

people. We entered the war with enormous stockpiles of most non-perishable foods. Production soared in 1942, but the American civilian's appetite increased apace. When Marvin Jones became food administrator in June, 1943, he was shocked to discover that in 1942 civilians consumed more food than ever before — in total and per capita.

By all rules the time for sacrifice approaches. In the next year we must face the grim fact that eating as usual, like business as usual, must go. While it is risky to speculate what we will have to eat at any given time in the future, because the food situation changes so frequently and so sharply, the average American may reasonably expect to receive only about a pound and a half of meat per week, one-tenth of a pound of cheese, nine ounces of fats and oils and eight ounces of sugar per week, and five to six pounds of canned foods per month during the next six months. In total supplies available for civilian consumption, the plus and minus of the situation for the year ending June 30, 1944 are these:

Under 1942 consumption — meat, butter, cheese, fish, condensed, evaporated and dried milk, canned fruits and fruit juices, canned vegetables.

Above 1942 consumption — fresh and frozen eggs, poultry, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, dehydrated vegetables, dry beans and peas, soya flour, flakes and grits.

Efforts are being made to hold fluid milk supplies to present levels, through elimination or curtailment of some by-products such as cottage cheese and flavored milk drinks. Flour and other wheat products will continue to be quite plentiful.

Housewives will find it profitable to adopt an experimental outlook toward shopping to learn new ways of serving cereals and other foods to take the place of meat and to reduce the need for butter and cheese. It will pay, also, to begin planning for a victory garden next summer; twenty million gardeners found it profitable this year. And some twenty-five million families which processed food at home this year can attest to the considerable satisfaction they gained from their enterprise, not only because it assured them a bulging larder but also because of the wholesomeness of the food.

A bad crop year in 1944 might greatly change our food position. But otherwise there is no prospect whatever of an over-all food shortage which will impose privation on the American people.

THE MONEY VINE

A Story

BY ROBERT GIBBONS

MORE than ten years ago when there was still a gold standard and the words "depression" and "prosperity" were as common as "war" and "peace" are today, J. K. Johnson and I were boys together; and three or four nights a week one of us would have supper and spend the night with the other. So, after supper one night in late October 1931, J. K. and J. K.'s little brother, Eddie Junior, and I sat together on the front steps of their house, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sat rocking on the porch. J. K.'s uncle, Hoskin Drake, was there too, because he had been out of work for nearly a year. He was asleep in the glider down at the east end of the porch.

It suddenly occurred to me that there was something about J. K. that I didn't know. I said, "What's the J. K. in your name stand for, J. K.?"

"It stands for Jay and Kay."

"Aw, I mean —"

"I know what you mean. You know I got a uncle Jay and a uncle Kay. Well, I'm named for 'em."

"Aw!"

"Well, you ask Momma. They're her brothers like Uncle Hoskin is."

I turned my head and looked in the dark at Mrs. Johnson. She said, "I could show you in the Bible."

I had to believe Mrs. Johnson because she was older than I was, but I still wanted to see it in the Bible. I said, "Well, that's a funny way to be named."

Mrs. Johnson said, "But there's a rhyme and a reason to it." Then she laughed the short laugh that people do when something is not very funny.

Eddie Junior said, "Uncle Jay and Uncle Kay is rich. Maybe they'll give J. K. some money when they dies."

Mr. Johnson's rocker made a

ROBERT GIBBONS, who is twenty-eight years old, is an instructor in English at the University of Alabama. His first novel, *Bright Is The Morning*, has just been published.

scraping sound on the floor. "Can't you make that boy keep his mouth shut, Matilda, when he doesn't know half what he's talking about?"

Mrs. Johnson said, "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."

There seemed more to what she had started to say, but she didn't say it.

Eddie Junior said, "Nobody's named for Uncle Hoskin."

J.K. said, "Sh!"

Mrs. Johnson got up. "I'll get the Bible and turn on the porch light."

When the light came on I could see Hoskin's face. It was a lean face with a wide mouth and a long man-nish nose. Hoskin frowned and sighed and turned in the glider so that the light wasn't in his face.

Mrs. Johnson came out on the porch again carrying a Bible. She sat down and put the big book on her knees and opened it about the middle. We three boys stood around her chair and looked.

There on a page that had once been blank were some names and dates and places; and J.K. had told the truth. His uncles were named Jay and Kay, and J.K.'s name was written "Jay Kay Johnson."

Then Mrs. Johnson said, "What in the world!"

"What?," asked Mr. Johnson as he got up from his chair and came

over. He looked at the place where Mrs. Johnson pointed. He said, "Green ink and that handwriting — Hoskin's."

I leaned closer so that I could see the tiny green words written beside J.K.'s name. The words said: "Money is the root of all evil."

Mrs. Johnson laughed as if something was funny this time. "Hoskin always does misquote that. It's 'The love of money is the root of all evil.'"

J.K. said, "What's he mean?"

Mr. Johnson looked down the porch at the glider. "Nothing," he said. "Just some more of his tom-foolery." Then he sat down quickly as if something had made him angry. He took out his little black pipe and filled it carefully.

I looked at Mrs. Johnson. She was smiling, and I liked the smile because it took some of the tiredness out of her mouth and put something like firmness in the lines of her face. She said, "That's Hoskin's brand of humor. You'd need to be raised with it the way I was to see it."

Eddie Junior said, "Uncle Hoskin ain't rich, is he?"

J.K. said, "Sh!"

Mrs. Johnson looked at them. There was a faraway look in her eyes. She said, "Hoskin is richer than a lot of people I know."

Mr. Johnson said, "Tommyrot!"

We three boys went back to the steps. Mr. Johnson said again, "Tommyrot!" But Mrs. Johnson got up without saying anything and carried the Bible into the house. She left the light on when she came back.

For a time nobody said anything. Then Mr. Johnson said, "For two cents I'd have J.K.'s name changed."

Mrs. Johnson said, "I knew there'd be a price on it."

Then nobody spoke again for a long while. There was only the sound of Hoskin's breathing.

II

I was definitely getting older in that year, for I knew as I sat there that October night that something of the idyllic quality of spending the night was lost. I knew with a sudden and new conscious recollection of past moments that I had never liked Mr. Johnson's small brown eyes and thin lips and sharp nose; there was a pinchedness in them. I knew that the times I had most enjoyed were those when Mr. Johnson was at the bank and only Mrs. Johnson and Hoskin Drake were in the Johnson home. It was they who hadn't forgotten childhood, and for that I had learned to

like them. Once upon a time there had been something happy about the way the sun filled their blue eyes with light and touched their blond hair. Somewhere they had gained a gladness, and that gladness had been the thing that made me like to spend a day or a night with J.K. Johnson. But now with these sudden realizations I was struck by a twinge of time-sickness, that yearning into the golden years. It made me half-want to be in my own home instead of here in the awkward quietness that Mr. Johnson made.

It was Eddie Junior who finally spoke into the long silence. He said, "Betcha I have me a cowboy suit one of these days."

J.K. said, "Yeah?"

I said, "Where you reckon you gonna get a cowboy suit?"

"Betcha I have me a real gun too that shoots BB's. Kill a hawk if it gets after Momma's chickens."

J.K. said, "Yeah. It's gonna rain cowboy suits and air rifles."

Mrs. Johnson laughed. Mr. Johnson laughed too, but his laugh was different. It sounded like it came through his nose. He said, "It takes money to get things like that. Haven't you heard there's a depression on?"

"Betcha I have me some money."

Mr. Johnson laughed through his

nose again. "I reckon money's going to grow on trees, hunh?"

"Betcha I know where there's a vine with money growing on it."

"You what? Can't you break him of telling things like that, Matilda?"

J.K. said, "I bet he even pulled off a piece of money to show us." Then he laughed through his nose like Mr. Johnson, and I wanted to tell him not to.

Eddie Junior said, "There's a vine growing in the honeysuckle back of the chicken house. It's got a lotta money on it — like leaves." Then he took a green piece of paper from his pocket and held it up in the light. "See." The green piece of paper was a ten dollar bill.

Mr. Johnson left his rocker fast. "Let me see that!" He grabbed the bill and looked at it closely. Then he slapped the back of his fingers on it. "That's real money, Matilda! I haven't been cashier of a bank this long for nothing. I'd know a counterfeit ten dollar bill."

"You'd know a counterfeit penny, Ed."

"But where'd this boy get ten dollars?"

"Not from you, I'm sure. And I wish you wouldn't shout so."

"But this is somebody's ten dollars."

Eddie Junior said, "It's mine. I

picked it." Something calm and certain was in his voice.

"Matilda! You find out where he got this money, or I'll take care of him." Mr. Johnson held the bill to the light again and turned it over and rubbed his thumb and fingers all over it.

Mrs. Johnson came and sat on the steps beside Eddie Junior. "Now where'd you find it, Eddie?" (She never did call him Eddie Junior.)

"It was a vine. It had a lot of 'em on it."

Mr. Johnson grasped Eddie's shoulder and shook him. "We're not fools, boy! We're not fools!"

Then a quiet drawly voice said, "Aren't we, now?" Hoskin was sitting up in the glider. He rubbed his hands over his face and yawned. "You say Eddie's found a money vine. Now that's interesting."

Eddie looked down the porch at Hoskin and smiled in a glad way. "Yeah, Uncle Hoskin." Then Eddie took a handful of something else from his pocket. "Some of 'em died. They turned yellor. They ain't no good now."

Mr. Johnson's little eyes got bigger than I had ever seen them. His breath came hard. "Gold certificates!" He ran one finger around inside his collar. "There's no telling where this money came from."

The glider creaked as Hoskin got

up and started down the porch. "Just 'cause your business is what it is, Ed, doesn't mean you couldn't have an honest son." (That was the way a lot of people saw bankers in 1931.)

Hoskin came and stood tall over all of us. "How do you know the boy's not telling the truth?"

Mrs. Johnson smiled a worried smile at Hoskin. "Don't encourage him, Hoskin. This might be really serious."

Mr. Johnson said, "Why should I waste words with a fool? Anybody knows that the laws of Nature wouldn't permit money to grow on a vine."

Hoskin turned both palms upward and shrugged. "Who can speak with authority on all things in this time or another?"

Mr. Johnson said, "Awh!" and turned away as if he were sick at his stomach.

Hoskin smiled around at each one of us. "I'd like to see this vine."

Eddie looked eagerness up at Hoskin. "You want me to show it to you?"

"You bet."

Together, J.K. and I said, "I wanta go."

Hoskin said, "We'll all go. Let me get a flashlight." He disappeared into the house.

J.K. laughed and rubbed his hands together. "Boy! If it is a money vine, I'm gonna buy ever' one of the Rover Boys books — the whole set. Tom Swift too." I didn't say anything. I was wondering whether I would get some of the money.

Mr. Johnson put hands on hips and looked at J.K. "You're a fool, boy!"

"Ed!"

"Well, he is, Matilda! Hoskin Drake has made fools of my whole family. You'll be going next, I reckon. I don't see how two common-sense men like Jay and Kay could be brothers to a crack-brained idiot like Hoskin. Money vine my foot!"

Hoskin came out with the flashlight.

Mrs. Johnson stood stiffly before Mr. Johnson. Her lips were tight together.

Hoskin said, "You going with us, Til?"

The stiffness went out of Mrs. Johnson. She laughed like a young girl. Her eyes were full of light. She tossed her head as if drops of light were in her hair and she could shake them out like raindrops.

"Yes," she said, "I'm going." She came down the steps after us, still laughing shyly.

III

As we went across the yard toward the corner of the porch Mr. Johnson ran down the steps. "Matilda!"

She turned to him and put a finger to her lips and whispered, "Don't make so much noise. You'll frighten the elves."

He stopped and stared after us. His lips moved a moment, then hung open so that his pipe fell to the ground. The ten dollar bill fluttered from his fingers, but he automatically put his foot on it. He stood there until we were gone around the corner of the house.

J.K. and I hurried ahead of Hoskin, and the spot of light bobbed on the ground before us like something leading us on. We were all quiet. Mrs. Johnson's voice was quiet when she said, "Remember, Hoskin, I used to read Andrew Lang to you and Jay and Kay?"

"Yeah. That seems a long time ago."

"It was. I wonder if Jay and Kay still remember."

"Dunno. We grew apart, didn't we?"

We went across the back yard toward the chicken house. The night was dark except for the spot of light. When I looked overhead, the stars were dim because of the brightness of the flashlight.

Mrs. Johnson said, "I used to think we'd all grow up to be like you."

Hoskin said, "No. It's not that kind of world. I'm the one whose out of step."

"You don't believe that."

"But the rest do."

"I know."

We went past the chicken house, and the light shone on the matted leafless honeysuckle vines; then in the empty vines there were spots of yellow and green. J.K. and I ran forward. We came to the vines and reached our fingers into them and pulled the leaves—the yellow leaves that Eddie had said were dead. Our breath came in laughing gasps as we picked.

Hoskin said, "Here, here."

We stopped pulling the leaves. Something in Hoskin's voice made me ashamed.

Mrs. Johnson knelt down and hugged Eddie to her and said, "Well, you little darling! You did pick it off a money vine!" Then she cried tears and hugged Eddie again and looked up at Hoskin and laughed through her crying. "I'm glad he believes in things like that. He'll be like you."

"It's a pity." Hoskin laughed with quiet pride and sat down on the ground.

The light still shone on the

money vine. It was a thin black vine clustered with the green and yellow bills. J.K. and I stood in the glow of the light and looked from the vine to the bills in our hands. J.K. slapped the back of his hand on his bills. "Boy! I can get all the Tarzan books too!"

I didn't know what to say about my money because I didn't know whose it was.

Hoskin said, "What do you want most, Tommie?"

I didn't know, now that I could have it; but when I couldn't have had it I had wanted most of all a bicycle with everything on it and colored the way they were in *Boys' Life*. "A bicycle," I said, "with a light on it and ever'thing."

Hoskin laughed. "You've got enough in your hands to buy a yacht — crew and all."

"Betcha I have me a cowboy suit and a real gun that shoots BB's."

Mrs. Johnson laughed. "You certainly shall, you little darling!" Then she tossed her head and looked at Hoskin. "With this much money we could end the depression in this town, Hoskin."

Hoskin didn't say anything for a long time. He took out a sack of tobacco and rolled a cigarette. When the match flared light onto his face there was deep thinking in

his eyes. He pulled long at the cigarette and blew smoke out. The smoke traveled away swiftly into darkness. "No, Til. I gave up that idea yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes."

J.K. and I sat down. It was like listening to a story.

"Yes. I've seen this money vine here for several days. I was afraid. I didn't know what to do about it. Something like this may never happen to me again. Oh, I know miracles are all the time happening to somebody somewhere, but I may not see another one for a long time. But about ending the depression, this won't do it. You see, all depressions go as deep as the hearts of men. And —"

There was the sound of footsteps coming across the back yard. We all listened. Mr. Johnson came closer, and finally rounded the chicken house. "Of all the idiotic —!" His breath went into him, and he came in a rush for the honeysuckle, the way J.K. and I had done. He knelt full in the light and pulled the bills with both hands. "It's impossible! You can't issue currency without something back of it! Any fool knows that! But this is money!"

He laughed and held a double-handful of the green and yellow

leaves close to the flashlight. Then he raised his head, and his eyes were shiny in the light, looking at Mrs. Johnson. "I'm a rich man, Matilda! I can buy the bank! I can start me a bank of my own!" A farawayness came into his eyes, but they didn't look the same as Mrs. Johnson's when the farawayness was in hers. "Why, I can buy this town if I want to — lock, stock and barrel. I can run for Congress — maybe for governor. There's no telling where I'll end up!" He laughed again and held the money out for each of us to see, as if we didn't believe that he had found money growing on a vine.

"How, Ed? How is this money yours?" Almost a sadness was in Hoskin's voice.

"How? I own this lot. This vine is growing on my property. How my foot!" Mr. Johnson laughed deep in his throat at Hoskin.

"That's not what I mean, Ed. I mean: What are you going to tell all the people who wonder where this money came from?"

Mr. Johnson frowned at Hoskin and then down at the money in his hands. When he looked up again he was smiling. "Why, I'll just tell everybody the truth. I'll tell 'em —

"They'd laugh you into the asylum in a day. You couldn't stand doubters the way I can, Ed."

Hoskin put his cigarette under his heel and ground it out. "No, Ed. This money vine doesn't solve anything — permanently. You know what Til wanted to do?"

"What?" Mr. Johnson's face was wide with blankness.

"She wanted to end the depression in this town. But she wouldn't be able to do that — not any easier than you could get the things you want."

Mr. Johnson sat down and shuffled the money through his fingers. "You're right, damn you! You're right! But there's some way! There's bound to be some way!" The words were stretched taut on his breathing.

Hoskin rolled another cigarette. When he lighted it he was looking up at the stars. "No, Ed, there's no way for what you want. More money won't answer the question that the love of money's put up to us. It's a case of needing something more. It's a case of needing a new vine to grow in the hearts of men, a new turning of faces to the stars, a new land to seek for and a new song to sing on the road there."

"Poppycock!"

"You know there's as much of everything in the world as there ever was — and still you've got people wandering lost and afraid, hunting for something else, hunting

the thing besides bread that men need to live by."

"You and your damned philosophical tongue!" Mr. Johnson's fingers clenched tight on the money. Then he threw it on the ground and stood up and stamped one foot on it until the money was ragged and dirty. "It's a fake! It's one of your crazy tricks! Making a fool of me!" Then he sat down, breathing hard, and stared at the money vine. We looked, and as we watched, a tiny bud opened slowly like a strange night flower until a green leaf was fully there, curled a little in the night air and the white beam of the flashlight.

IV

Hoskin got up. "It grows fast — terribly fast." He walked away to the back porch. We waited for him. He came back with a bushel basket and began to pick the leaves of money and drop them into the basket.

"What are you going to do?" Mr. Johnson said.

Nobody answered him.

Mrs. Johnson got up and went to help Hoskin. Eddie followed her.

"What are you going to do?" Mr. Johnson sounded dry in the throat. Nobody answered him.

J.K. and I put our handfuls of

money into the basket and went to help with the picking.

We gathered all of the money, even the leaves that Mr. Johnson had ground into the dirt. And when the vine was bare of leaves, Hoskin followed the vine with his hands until his hands came to the place where the vine grew out of the earth. Hoskin bent far over, and though he was strong, the veins and muscles formed on his arms before the vine came loose with a ripping sound that hurt me in the heart.

Mr. Johnson began to cry little tears. "You've ruined us. You're the biggest damn fool that ever was on the face of the earth." He kept crying, even while he followed us to the oil drum where the cook always burned the garbage.

Mrs. Johnson held the light, and Hoskin poured the basketful of bills into the drum. Then he broke the vine into pieces, for it had died very soon and grown quite brittle. As Hoskin struck a match, Mr. Johnson turned away and went toward the house in the dark.

Hoskin laughed like a child as the stuff in the drum began to burn. Mrs. Johnson laughed with him — and then Eddie. I looked at J.K. Tears were slipping down his face. *They made me remember how much I had wanted the bicycle*

with a light on it and everything, colored the way . . . The thinking made a thickness in my throat.

"Betcha I have me a cowboy suit one of these days."

Hoskin laughed and put his hand on Eddie's head. "He's a great little believer." Then Hoskin handed Mrs. Johnson something. "Sometimes a man has to make some compromise with the infidel."

Mrs. Johnson smiled and tucked the something that Hoskin had giv-

en her into a pocket of her dark blue dress. Then she looked up at the night sky and said, "A new turning of faces to the stars, a new song to sing. It would be good." She smiled, and the light from the fire inside the drum shone against her face.

After we had been there a long while, we could look into the drum and see only some pink-gray ashes that stirred to red now and then as the wind blew across the top of the drum.



"General Heinzvogel was killed accidentally. . . . He was mistaken for you, sir."

► *About the American "bazooka"
and its rocket relatives.*

ROCKETS COME OF AGE

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

A FEW months ago visions of monstrous, self-driven shells which plunge through the stratosphere to crumple city blocks with mysterious super-explosives were the stuff of which melodrama is made. Today, judging by reports seeping in from abroad, such a weapon may exist, and its effect may soon be felt. The military rocket, once discarded for its clumsiness, has been revived and perfected. Its impact upon military tactics is no longer a matter of doubt, and its future rests to a great degree upon the audacity of a score of scientists who are now grooming it for new lethal tasks.

From Stockholm comes word that the Nazis are installing underground rocket guns near Calais, capable of bombarding London, 125 miles away, with projectiles weighing several tons. The missiles are said to be fitted with wings, and are to be directed to the tar-

get by radio. This dispatch came on the heels of Prime Minister Churchill's speech in which he told of a strange new rocket now used by Luftwaffe bombers against Allied shipping. This self-driven bomb is also said to be radio-directed, enabling planes to attack shipping from safe distances, but since "misses" fall into the sea, details of construction are not known.

So predictions of mammoth, long-distance rocket guns cannot be dismissed as nightmares. For the rocket gun now in use has already made an impressive record. During the Battle of Tunisia, six tanks were advancing toward the American lines, when a projectile, barely missing one of them, exploded with such terrific force that it shattered a large tree. The tank commander, an experienced officer, halted the column and surrendered at once.

"When you start firing the 155

HARLAND MANCHESTER, for fifteen years a newspaperman and once president of the Boston Newspaper Guild, has been devoting himself to magazine writing since 1937. He was born in Vermont, educated at Exeter and Dartmouth.

mm. guns at tanks," he explained with professional calm, "it's time to give up."

Then a lone American soldier emerged from cover. Slung over his shoulder was a section of metal pipe fitted with curious gewgaws. This was the Peke that had barked like a mastiff. This was the "bazooka," which overnight has brought about a revolution in the art of tank-killing.

This incident, reported by Major General Levin Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance of the U. S. Army, is one of many official accounts of almost fantastic triumphs by the new gun.

"The bazooka is so simple and yet so powerful," says General Campbell, "that any foot soldier using it can stand his ground with the certain knowledge that he is the master of any tank."

To show what the new rocket gun actually means in combat, the heavy field gun which the Axis officer thought he was facing is a monster which needs a seven-ton truck to pull it, hard ground to travel on, elaborate camouflage, and a crew of valets. One man can pick up a bazooka, scuttle up a hill, fire an armor-piercing projectile and get away before the enemy knows what has hit him. It is a one-man featherweight can-

non. Despite its tremendous hitting power, there is no recoil.

At Salerno, an enemy tank rumbled down a road toward the beach-head, its smoking machine guns leaving a trail of crumpled American bodies. Then it met four men — and a bazooka. When the tank was a few feet away, they fired one round from the glorified stovepipe. Smoke poured from the tank's apertures, and the Americans cut down the crew with rifles as they emerged.

But tank-killing is only one use of the rocket gun. It can break up the enemy's communication by shattering railroad rails, and it is effective against structural steel or thick walls. During a recent landing operation, a strong fort which commanded the beach began peppering the troop barges. A lone soldier waded ashore with his bazooka. A single pulverizing shot smashed through the wall, and the garrison filed out, hands in air.

II

The new weapon is simplicity itself. It is a thin-walled metal tube, fifty-four inches long and three inches in diameter, open at both ends and fitted with hand-grips, shoulder-stock and a flashlight battery and electric circuit for setting

off the rocket. The rear end protrudes over the firer's shoulder, which inspired Major Zeb Hastings of the Army Service Forces to dub it "bazooka" after the weird musical instrument. Two men usually work it. One stands behind and feeds in the rockets while the other man pulls the trigger which closes the electrical circuit and ignites the charge. His shoulder receives only the slightest push as the projectile leaves the barrel.

Lack of kick is the whole point of the bazooka, or of any other rocket gun. With rifles and artillery pieces, the whole charge explodes at once, and the expanding gases which drive the bullet also press sideways and backward. So gun-barrels and mountings must be thick and heavy to absorb the shock. The projectile in the bazooka uses up its fuel gradually as it drives the high-explosive head toward the target. It takes its power plant with it, and all the soldier does is to step on the starter.

The resulting convenience is impressive. Mobile anti-tank artillery is easily spotted from the air, but the bazooka can be carried in jeeps, trucks, small boats or by mule-back, and can be toted through jungles, swamps or rough country which mobile artillery cannot penetrate. Anyone can learn to use it,

which means that reconnaissance groups and drivers of supply trucks can pack their own heavy fire for quick use at close range.

To the bazooka goes the distinction of being the first rocket gun light enough to be carried and fired by an infantryman, but it is by no means the first rocket gun to appear in World War II. Military rockets have a long history, and Russia and Germany as well as the United States have been secretly experimenting with them for years.

The Russians have their *Katusha*, a rocket gun with the hitting power of heavy artillery, but light enough to be fired from an ordinary truck and rushed where needed with all the mobility of a machine gun. Other Russian rocket guns have been reported which will fire twenty to thirty projectiles at once, peppering a large area with armor-piercing missiles. Tank brigades cannot live before fire like this. When a tank commander sees a series of conventional artillery shells dropping near, he can sometimes duck, but confronted by such a weapon — a shot-gun on a colossal scale — he can only pray. Such fire-power is possible only with guns that have no recoil. The Russians have used rockets with no firing tubes at all.

In the final phase of the Battle of Stalingrad, they constructed long rows of wooden racks, similar to the inclined boards boys use to launch rockets on the Fourth. Self-propelling fifty-pound missiles were lobbed over as fast as men could place them on the racks, completely demoralizing the enemy.

The rocket gun is by no means confined to ground warfare. Almost ten years ago Major Seversky¹ foresaw its use in fighter planes. This may now turn out to be one of the major innovations of the war. Rocket guns mounted on German fighter planes are reported to have taken a heavy toll of Flying Fortresses in raids over southern Germany. They were first used to combat the great raid of August 17 on Schweinfurt and Regensburg. Later, in the October raid over Schweinfurt, the new weapon played a part in downing sixty American bombers, a record number.

The Russians pioneered with air-borne rockets last year when they launched them from their tank-busting *Stormoviks* with such effect that the Nazis have renamed the plane *der schwarze Tod* ("the Black Death"). The rocket bombs were attached to the underside of the wings and aimed by pointing

the plane's nose directly at the target. Because of the devastating punch delivered and the accuracy of aim, German officers reported that they had been attacked by dive bombers. Actually the *Stormoviks* had equalled the dive-bomber's penetration and accuracy without performing the long, straight, predictable descent which has made so many dive-bombers easy marks for anti-aircraft fire. The damage done by a falling bomb depends more upon its speed than its weight. The dive-bomber adds its momentum to that of the bomb. In using the rocket bomb, the Russians added a power-plant to the missile, thereby delivering the "Sunday punch" with fewer plane casualties.

Better engineering is responsible for the effectiveness of today's rocket weapons, but their basic principles have long been known. The Chinese used the war rocket against the Tartars seven centuries ago. The armies of India once used it to frighten the horses of the British and set fire to their ammunition wagons. When Francis Scott Key wrote of "the rockets' red glare," he referred to rocket projectiles used unsuccessfully by the British against Fort McHenry.

The father of the war rocket was William Congreve, British engi-

¹ "How Can Pursuit Aviation Regain Its Tactical Freedom?," by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, *U. S. Air Services*, March, 1934.

neer, who proposed it as a "secret weapon" to defeat the Continental dictator of his day, Napoleon Bonaparte. Congreve saw clearly the future of a projectile without recoil. Navy traditionalists scoffed, but "Mr. Congreve's squibs" soon proved their value. With a range of some 3000 yards, they were used to bombard Boulogne from small boats, and a British landing force on the shores of what is now Yugoslavia used them with such deadly effect that Napoleon's force surrendered, complaining that the new weapon was "most unmilitary." Mainly because of Congreve's work, the rocket was an important naval weapon until the mid-1800's, when attention suddenly shifted to the new breech-loading guns with longer ranges and rifled barrels.

Rocket guns played no part in World War I, but soon after its close, societies of rocket zealots were formed in the United States, Germany, Austria and Russia. Some of their members launched experimental space rockets as a step toward interplanetary communication. Some enthusiasts were killed and others lost their fingers. A young engineer in an Austrian village established a rocket postal service, shooting his projectiles over a mountain. When the fuel

was exhausted, a parachute opened and lowered the flying mail-bag to the ground. Because philatelists paid good prices for his special stamps, the route was a commercial success.

More than anyone else, a quiet, scholarly professor of physics in Worcester, Massachusetts, was responsible for this world-wide renaissance of rocket experimentation. Dr. Robert H. Goddard of Clark University took the once clumsy, inefficient and unreliable rocket and redesigned it according to correct principles. He increased its potential velocity from 1000 feet a second to 7500 feet, and its efficiency — considered as an engine — from 2 per cent to about 40, which is better than that of the Diesel, the world's most efficient motor.

After laboring obscurely for ten years, Dr. Goddard published his findings in 1919. They were couched in the restrained, undramatic language of science and attracted little public attention, yet that paper was responsible for all the lurid, Buck Rogers concepts of interplanetary communication. For among Dr. Goddard's discoveries was the fact that a rocket will go faster in a vacuum than it will in air. That meant that if you could get power enough to

send a rocket above the earth's air blanket, it might be made to keep on indefinitely, beyond the reach of Earth's gravity — to the moon, to Mars, or anywhere else in the waste spaces of the heavens.

Discarding powder as a fuel, Dr. Goddard perfected a mixture of gasoline and liquid oxygen, and devised a more efficient rocket to attain new high ceilings. With help from the Guggenheims, he went to a New Mexico ranch, where he sent rockets as high as 7500 feet, and built a gyroscopic stabilizer to secure even flight. Research on extreme-altitude rockets has contributed much toward today's real uses of the projectile — and the unknown ones of tomorrow.

Four years ago an American ordnance officer, Major J. R. Randolph, not only foresaw the bazooka, but startled his colleagues with predictions of bombardments by rocket artillery.

Because of the lack of friction at high altitudes, there would be hardly any limit, theoretically, to the possible range of such guns. Major Randolph and others have stated that rocket bombardments half-way around the world would not be impossible, although the

expense might be prohibitive and accurate marksmanship is unlikely. Various methods have been suggested for hitting the target, including sending along a pilot who would take to parachute after completing his job. Now, to judge by news dispatches, radio direction would rule out this and other fumbling proposals.

The rocket's future does not depend upon war. It is not only a projectile; it is a motor of high efficiency and great potentialities. The Germans are using rocket motors to lift heavily loaded Dornier bombers off the ground, and the British Air Ministry has announced that their Catafighter planes, which take off from the decks of merchant ships, are using rocket power to get into the air. This use serves as a testing ground for planes fully powered by rocket motors. Dr. Goddard has patented a turbine rocket motor designed to reach a speed of 1000 miles an hour in the stratosphere.

Rocket research is advancing rapidly on many fronts. We may be standing on the threshold of an era of rocket power. In any event, newspaper readers will hear a great deal more about "the bullet that drives itself."



THE WILDEST MAN OF THE WEST

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IN the Grays Harbor County courthouse at Montesano, in western Washington, a small bronze plaque lists the names of six men and relates with sinister brevity that they met their death in futile attempts to take the celebrated outlaw John Turnow. This is the only tangible reminder of the most crafty and dangerous man ever to roam the timbered reaches of the Pacific Northwest and by far the strangest outlaw I know of.

Through some incomprehensible literary freak, Turnow has never been the subject of a paper-backed biography of the Harry Tracy-Jesse James school, and the dime-novel trade thus lost a sure-fire perennial. Hence Turnow's renown is purely local where it has flourished mightily for three decades and is in no danger of dimming. Barrel-stove historians of the logging camps, some of whom saw Turnow in the flesh and others who were in at his death, keep the story alive and enhance it with the em-

broidery characteristic of folk tales. When winter gloom settles down over the still vast forests of the Olympic Peninsula of western Washington and stiff gales make logging operations dangerous, young loggers of 1943 who have been brought up on Tarzan and Superman sit on camp deacon seats and listen with awed respect to stories of the life and times of a human animal who combined in actuality many of the qualities of their comic strip heroes. In his own region, Turnow has long since become a folk character comparable to the mythical Paul Bunyan. And with some reason. The bare facts about Turnow were enough to build a mountain of legend.

What might be called the public life of John Turnow began on September 3, 1911, an otherwise pleasant enough autumn day in the wild Grays Harbor country of western Washington. A reddish sun beat down through the blue smoke haze of settlers' clearing fires. Here and

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there in the vast wilderness the toot and stutter of a logger's donkey engine could be heard. Blows of fireweed drifted like snow in the air and got into the sordough of the few trappers and prospectors in the region. Mostly, though, the region was untracked, without roads or trails, and silent except for the occasional bickering of jays and the report of some lone hunter's rifle.

On that particular September afternoon two rifle shots occurred, close together. If they were heard, no one paid them heed or gave thought to the matter until it was learned that the Bauer twins, John and Will, had not returned from a bear hunt along the Satsop river. A few days later, Deputy Sheriff Colin McKenzie, one of a large searching party, found the two bodies tucked away under some brush, side by side, on the upper reaches of the Satsop. Each had been shot once, and that through the forehead.

John Turnow was at once suspected of the double murder, strange enough when you knew that Turnow was blood uncle to the twins, but not so strange if you knew about Turnow. This man was thirty-two years old in 1911. Born of a pioneer and respected family on the Turnow homestead near Satsop village, John had never,

people said, been quite right in the head. From the time he began to walk he had been most peculiar. Didn't care for human companionship at all. Wanted to be alone, especially alone in the woods. By the time he was ten John was going into the timber along the Satsop and Wynooche rivers and staying all night, sometimes for several days. His family tried to curb the youth's wildness, and his response was to stay away for a month. He told his parents that he found birds and animals better companions than men. He liked to listen to what he termed the talk of crows and jays, he said, and he also heard beautiful music, "like that of organs and harps" in the winds that sifted through the tall fir and hemlock.

On his lone trips into the woods young Turnow never carried any food. Got all the food he wanted from wild things, he said — roots, birds, animals. He always carried a rifle and when he was twelve he could drill a Copenhagen snuff box at a hundred yards. At home he was moody. He did chores and other farm work under duress. He would not play with other children, not even with his brothers and sisters. I imagine he was what today would be called a retarded child.

So his parents finally sent John to a private sanitarium in Vancouver,

Washington. Here he proved so hard to handle that he had to be removed and was then committed to an institution in Salem, Oregon. Though he was watched rather closely, one morning late in 1909 nurses found his bed empty. It hadn't been slept in.

Turnow left no connecting trail, but within a few weeks of his escape from Salem — which is nearly 200 miles from the Satsop — trappers reported seeing him some twenty-five miles up the Satsop river. Turnow told two of these woodsmen that he would never be locked up again. He asked them to take a message out to his folks. "You tell them," he said in his short, gruff way, "and you tell everybody else that none of them had better come after me. I'll kill anyone who does. These are my woods. I want to be alone."

For almost two years Turnow lived on in the woods undisturbed, listening to those harps in the hemlocks, those arbor vitae organs, and communing with owls and cougars, a deranged and unlettered Thoreau without brains. His father died and word of it was taken to the son by a trapper who was on friendly or at least on speaking terms with him. John said he wouldn't go to the funeral, and he didn't; nor did he a bit later when his mother died.

The estate was left to the six Turnow children and John's share, some \$1,700, was put in a Montezano bank and John notified by the friendly trapper. "I don't want no money," said John. He stayed on in the woods.

Such was the status of Turnow on that September day when his nephews, the Bauer twins, were found dead. It was surmised that the twins had been sighted by Turnow and that he may have thought they were searching for him, to take him back to the hated sanitarium. And Turnow, as was later to become very evident, was a man of direct action.

II

A huge manhunt followed immediately on discovery of the murdered twins. Some 200 men ranged the Satsop and Wynooche watersheds for forty miles north and south, then spread east and west from Puget Sound to the Pacific. Here and there they found where the wild fellow had made camp, but not once was he sighted although the hunt was kept up sporadically throughout the winter of 1911-12.

Meanwhile, the usual alarms occurred: Turnow was reported to be near Port Angeles. An unknown

had killed a cow near Shelton. Another unknown who, by the size of his monstrous tracks in the snow, must have been huge, was said to be in the neighborhood of Hama Hama, on Hood Canal. Any or all of these reports may have been true. Turnow was now a man six feet two inches tall and he weighed around 195 pounds, all of it bone and muscle. He knew the woods of all western Washington as other people know their living rooms—and indeed these woods were John Turnow's living room. He traveled through the timber, hunters said, swiftly and with no more noise than the soft whish of an owl. And after a fresh fall of snow, at a time when the posses were thick and numerous, he left no tracks at all, leaving one to suppose that he holed up for weeks on end like a bear; or, as some said, he took to the trees.

In fact, one Emil Swanson, a log buckler of stout back and of no imagination whatever, came into a camp one night in a condition bordering on hysteria. Not until he had downed a lusty slug of high-power lemon extract in hot water could he compose himself sufficiently to say what was the matter. When he had been about to fell a big fir, he vowed, "some kind big animal, look like man," swung out

on a high branch of the tree, grabbed the limb of another tree and went sailing off to be lost in the gloom of the towering timber. "Bay Yesus," said Emil, "aye vork here no more." He got his time and went to town.

The search for Turnow ebbed and flowed throughout the winter. Then, on March 2, 1912, word came out with a prospector that Turnow had made camp at a bend of the river far up the Satsop known as The Oxbow. Colin McKenzie, the deputy sheriff who found the Bauer twins, and A. V. Elmer, deputy game warden, started in to the Oxbow country to get Turnow. They did not return.

Thirteen days later a searching party found the bodies of the two missing men. Each had been drilled once through the forehead, and an attempt made to bury them in a shallow trench dug in the form of a T. Most of the dead men's clothing had been removed. Their rifles and ammunition were gone.

The hunt for Turnow now engaged the authorities of three counties. Rewards for the man, dead or alive, totaled \$5,000, and hundreds of citizens joined the hunt. Not since the time of Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill had a man hunt of such proportions been on. The searchers used caution, too, for

they knew they were pitted against a half-human animal who not only was deranged but who knew almost every acre of the large territory he had chosen for his home.

The usual alarms again occurred; the Wild Man of the Olympics, as the press now called him, was reported seen simultaneously in widely separated places. Loggers at the Simpson camps, nearly in the center of the region most favored by Turnow, took pains not to be found strolling quietly and alone through the woods. Southwest Washington, and in fact a good part of the Olympic Peninsula, had the Turnow Jitters.

If you didn't know the country of John Turnow you might think it odd that more than twelve hundred men, most of them expert woodsmen, failed so much as to get sight of the wild man in a year's time of hunting. But Turnow had the craftiness of a cougar, and his domain was wide and wild. In 1912 it was pretty much virgin timber, not pines of parklike aspect, but a dense jungle of tall fir and cedar and spruce and hemlock, growing close together and with their bases set in vines and underbrush of almost tropical lushness.

Somewhere in that savage country the wild man spent the winter

of 1912-1913, seen by no one. Not a track of his was found. Spring came on and the man hunt continued without abating. On April 16, 1913, almost two years after the murder of the Bauer twins, and more than a year after the killing of McKenzie and Elmer, Deputy Giles Quimby sighted a small wickiup, or rude shelter of bark, in a natural clearing by a tiny lake, perhaps a mile from the scene of the last two killings.

With Quimby were two trappers, Louis Blair and Charles Lathrop, who had turned man hunters with the \$5,000 reward in mind. The three men were certain they had stumbled onto a hiding place of the wild man. But was Turnow there, in the hut? They withdrew to a safe distance to consider the matter; and after a brief council of war decided to approach the hut from three directions. They began the advance, slowly, cautiously, and as quietly, or almost as quietly, as a cougar stalking a deer, their rifles cocked. It wasn't, however, quiet enough. . . .

Deputy Quimby was moving ahead a few feet at a time, picking his every step and halting now and then to listen. He heard nothing at all until a blast of gunfire suddenly shattered the wooded silence. At the same instant he heard the crash-

ing of brush and looked to see Louis Blair tumble headlong, blood gushing horribly from what had been his face.

Quimby's gun was at his shoulder. For a flash he saw a great head and an ugly bearded face pop out from behind a fir. Quimby fired. The head disappeared. Quimby knew the head belonged to John Turnow — but had he hit it with his shot? Quimby couldn't know — for a few moments. He listened, straining every sense to penetrate the deathly silence. Then came another shattering blast. Charles Lathrop threw up his arms, gave one agonized cry and went tumbling to the ground. Again the great ugly head and face peered from behind the fir tree. Quimby fired instantly, again and again, until his gun was empty. He crouched down to reload. He knew he was alone now with the wild man.

With his rifle once more ready, Quimby peered around the tree he was using for protection. He saw that his tree had been chipped by bullets and knew then that Turnow had also been shooting at him, though Quimby had been too busy to notice. He looked at the tree where Turnow was hiding and could see that it had been chipped by his own bullets. But, and it was

rather important to know, had one of his bullets hit Turnow?

Deputy Quimby couldn't know. He pondered. All was silent in and around the glade. That is, silent except for the worried sniffing of two hounds belonging to Blair and Lathrop. Quimby could hear the animals whining in wonder at the sudden smell and aspect of Death. But of Blair or Lathrop or Turnow, Quimby could hear nothing. For probably five minutes, which Quimby later declared to have seemed an age, the deputy listened. Then, as quietly as he could he made his slow way through the timber and away from the lake. It had been an ambushade, and for all he knew it might be one now. When he had got a hundred yards or so from the spot Quimby stopped to listen again. The mournful bay-ing of the two hounds, still contemplating their late masters, was all he could hear. He now put on all speed and hurried to Camp 5 of the Simpson Logging Company, four miles distant. Here he found High Sheriff Matthews with a large posse. He led them back to the sinister little lake.

All was quiet. The posse spread out, then converged slowly toward the wickiup. Presently came a shout. "Here's the son of a bitch," a deputy called. "And he's dead,

by God." At about the same time other posse members found the bodies of the two trappers. Each had been shot once, fair between the eyes.

III

John Turnow hadn't been shot through the head, but he was just as dead as the six men he had killed. There he was, the wild fellow, sprawled on his back, his big old-fashioned repeating rifle across his chest and clutched in his two hands. He was a sight that men who saw him vividly remember today, thirty years after. The huge wild man with great matted beard and long hair, dressed in ragged garments made chiefly from gunny sacking, laid fold upon fold and filled with fir needles. On his feet was the only conventional bit of clothing he possessed, a pair of comparatively new calked boots, later identified as having belonged to the late Colin McKenzie, one of Turnow's victims.

In the little hut by the lake the posse found \$6.65 in silver, a small knife, a pair of scissors and more gunny sacking of the sort the wild man had used to make his clothing. Not in the hut or anywhere else in the vicinity could the posse find so much as a scrap of food.

Reconstructing the brief, deadly battle, it was thought that Turnow, who had been accustomed to meeting *pairs* of men in the woods, and killing them, had not at first suspected the presence of a third man. It was a bullet from Quimby's gun which killed the outlaw.

Horses were brought in and Turnow and his last two victims taken out to Montesano, where an undertaker said he had never before seen the like of Turnow — all of the big man was bone and muscle. His shoulders, so the mortician reported, were like those of a gorilla; the palms of his hands were like leather. From this report, perhaps, and the added fact that it had never been possible to trail Turnow — either in snow or on bare ground — plus the experience of Emil Swanson, he who saw the strange thing among the tree tops, grew up the story, still widely believed, that the wild man often traveled through the trees, two hundred feet above the ground, like a gigantic ape. Perhaps he did. In any case, he went straight into legend, and there he remains today, half man, half ape, the Wild Man of the Olympics, intimate of bear, cougar, owls and buzzards, an unlettered, witless Thoreau who wanted to be alone and worked hard to that purpose.

► *Hitler's Cassandra gets away with truth-telling.*

A GERMAN GENERAL PREDICTED DEFEAT

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT

IN 1939, when Hitler had just plunged his war machine into aggression, a sixty-one-year-old German general stood tall and stiffly erect in the Aula of Berlin University, delivering a lecture. Scorning the microphone, he boomed to the audience of high-ranking Army officers, leading scientists and Nazi notables:

The beginning of a war is always a leap into the dark, however well prepared a nation may be. The war has never been fought whose outcome could be definitely foreseen. Make no mistake — *defeat is not impossible*. And a Germany that fights cannot hope for any sympathy from the outside world. A wall of hatred will be built around us.

The speaker was General Horst von Metzsch, Prussian officer and Saxonian aristocrat. He had been a front-line hero in the first World War and Inspector of the educational system of the Republican Reichswehr. He was recognized as an international authority on defensive warfare and war psychol-

ogy. Today he is the outstanding professor of the Institute of Politics in Berlin.

This was not the first or last warning he gave to the Third Reich. For ten years he has been Hitler's Cassandra, voicing gloomy forebodings about his military moves, his Axis partners and the power of the nations he was making his enemies. Doleful auguries have come from him on German platforms and in the pages of the many books and articles he has written on his specialty — war.

Any other military man, expressing such sentiments as he did when the Reich was flushed with the Führer's easy victories, would have been flirting with the Gestapo headsman. Nazi arms were supposed to be invincible and the Prophet of Nazism infallible. Himmler frothed against him. Goebbels stormed, calling him "an old crank reliving the last war." But nothing happened to the old General Staff

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officer. He remained at his post in the university. His words were not reported in the press, but his listeners accepted them as a fair sample of the views of the Army.

General von Metzsch had already questioned the power of Hitler's feverish preparation for war in his book, *The Only Way To Prevent Defeat*. He had pointed out the serious weaknesses in the military and psychological armor the Führer was forging for aggression. He foresaw a more powerful blockade in the Second World War by the navies of Britain and her Allies. "The experience of the last war must teach us," he warned, "that wars can be lost because stomachs are not courageous enough." And, as he studied Hitler's scheme for world conquest nurtured by scorn for other nations, it seemed to this seasoned expert a colossal gamble and he prophesied: "*Germany's defeat in another war has begun.*"

Though he conceded that the Reich's great chance for victory was the *Blitzkrieg*, he saw its risks. He wrote: "The initial advantage of the *Blitzkrieg* does not insure final success. On the contrary, the odium attached to the breach of peace without considering the usual international customs may well lead to a worsening of the situation."

General von Metzsch was one of the first military strategists to urge totalitarian war in Germany's second attempt to dominate the world, yet he doubted that the Nazis could thoroughly mobilize the home front. As late as 1938 he wrote: "I question whether any government could succeed in fully militarizing Germany and making the man in the street like war." He knew that the Nazi Party had been forced to keep hundreds of thousands of young Storm Troopers at home to protect the state against possible revolt. He discussed the danger of a breakdown among civilians in his book, *Slumbering Powers of Resistance*. What he feared most was a long war. The master soldier who had helped to recreate the Reichswehr denied the sacred theory of the Führer that Germans are "instinctively" superior soldiers, declaring bluntly in *War Without Generals*: "The German is by no means the best possible soldier, although it may be said he is the easiest to train."

He disagreed, too, with Hitler's policy of bigger and better lies and Goebbels' propaganda bluffs. The people would eventually learn the truth from the underground and lose confidence in their leaders, he warned. In his book, *The Universal Fear of War*, he even called for a

sound and creative opposition. "It would be worth much more than a thousand blind followers shouting 'Heil'. If a nation merely resigns itself to the inevitable, it will only suffer its leadership — and no one knows how long it will do that."

II

While other generals who had the temerity to question Nazi tactics were pensioned off or silenced forever, General von Metzsch flourished like the green bay tree. He reeled off propaganda in the National Socialist magazines that hewed to the line but elsewhere he wrote as he pleased and said what he liked. The Nazi hierarchy read and listened carefully — and took no action against him. Why has he been allowed this freedom for a decade in Nazidom? Various explanations have been offered by Germans on the spot.

First of all, it has been pointed out, the general is too well liked throughout the fighting forces to be marked for any "accident." Most of the younger officers of the General Staff have been his admiring students at one time or another in the higher military schools. While the hot-headed brass-hats dismiss his ideas as too scholarly and theoretical for the dynamics of

Nazism, they look upon him indulgently as a sort of "grand old man." As for the big shots, they realize that many of the older generals secretly share his views and a blow at him would only stir up hydra-headed opposition. They are not asking for any trouble with the generals who are enough of a problem.

Then, too, von Metzsch's staunchest protector has been Marshal Goering. No German underestimates the prestige of the generals and the foresighted Herr Goering may be hoarding their good-will against the coming storm. Von Metzsch is one of the few that the Nazis believe can be easily white-washed and shoved forward to do business with the Allies when the day comes for a serious peace move.

Still another reason advanced for the von Metzsch paradox is that the Nazi brain trust considered his barrages of gloom very useful in their program to befuddle the democracies up to 1939. They knew that military leaders abroad read all that he wrote on the science of warfare. His pessimism served as a smokescreen to hide the Third Reich's growing military might and all-out war psychology. When the juggernaut began to crush all before it, Hitler ignored all von Metzsch's views except the

one that appealed to him. Did not this most realistic of old-school generals hold that lightning attack was Germany's one chance to win the Second World War?

There was this, too, to impress every Nazi from Hitler down: General Horst von Metzsch had no quarrel with Nazism, its leader or its record. All that troubled him was the doubt that Hitler could deliver the world to Germany. His battle cry was: "The Second World War must not be lost!" He had no qualms about the blackest deeds of the masters of the Third Reich. Nazism was a tool for the interests of his class and as long as it worked, the Nazis could go as far as they liked in aggression, horror and degradation.

Hitler may recall, too, how uncannily right his Cassandra in field gray was about the friends he chose and the enemies he provoked. General von Metzsch had great respect for Britain, the United States, Russia and China as fighting forces and considered neither Italy nor Japan assets to an aggressive Reich. He was one of the few military experts inside or outside of Germany who did not underestimate the Soviet army and the Russian people. He warned especially against underrating the Russian air force. Von Metzsch was

gloomiest when he warned against a repetition of what he considered Germany's greatest mistake in World War I — forcing America into the struggle. He feared this country's "enormous economic and productive power."

Hitler's prophet of doom, who has enjoyed such unprecedented immunity, is the scion of an old and noble Saxonian family. He has lived most of his life according to the traditions of the late Imperial Army. He never accepted the Republican Revolution — even when he took the high post it opened to him in the Reichswehr. He continued his opportunism under the Nazis. Though he is a top-flight member of the landed aristocracy, the holdings of his family have always been small, and he is still financially dependent upon his salary.

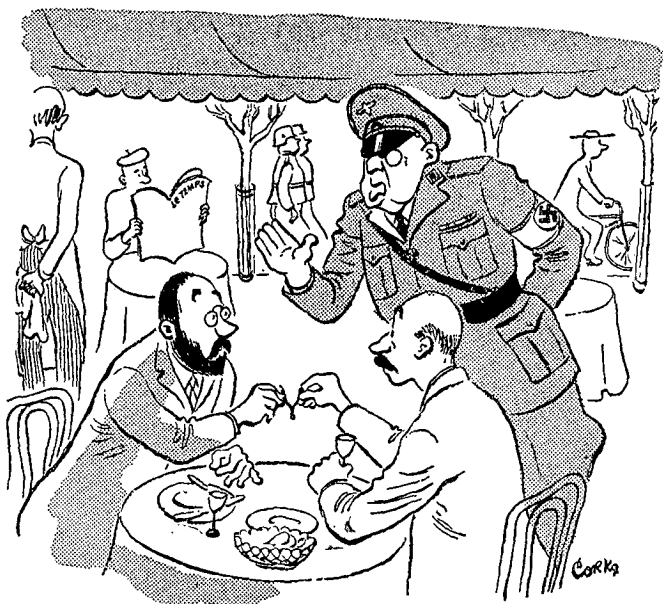
Up to 1933 his career was typical of his class. When he was eighteen, he enlisted in the field artillery, studied at the War Academy and was one of the youngest officers attached to the General Staff. After serving in the Ministry of War, he became a personal military aide to King Friedrich August of Saxony. During the First World War, he was a front-line officer with a reputation for superb strokes of strategy.

In spite of his unwelcome predictions, he is today universally popular in the Third Reich in all circles from the High Command to the man in the street. He lives simply and likes to be called a "social general." He has used the Nazis as they have used him — accomplishing the amazing feat of being a National Socialist, a Prussian general and a class-conscious aristocrat at the same time.

The Army and its social caste are of the first importance to him.

While he satisfies the Nazi crowd with voluminous propaganda articles in their magazines, he still gives his best to editing the only influential newspaper of the German aristocracy, the *Adelsblatt*. There he battles much more vigorously for the survival of Junkerdom.

This is General Horst von Metzsch who alone in the Third Reich is entitled to say to Hitler and company as disaster looms ahead of them: "I told you so."



"Stop it! That, too, is verboten!"

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Advance Report On a Different Play

THE plans of mice and producers (no comparative offense implied) gang aft agley, but if they do not gang too far agley you may expect the production of at least one play before the end of the season which should be considerably more stimulating than most of those you have engaged up to the time of writing.

The play in the cards, which should be around by next March, is J. B. Priestley's latest, *They Came To a City*. A group of assorted and bewildered English, so goes the theme, find themselves, they know not why or how, in a strange and distant land and on a walled elevation overlooking a town, the descent into which is barred by a gigantic door of steel and bronze. In the group are several members of the British nobility, a pair of middle-class business executives and the wife of one of them, a bedraggled old woman of the working class, and a bitter girl ditto. There is in the group also a young jack-of-all-trades, vaguely American, who has shipped the seas the world

'round. They are the most of them an aimless lot, their past contentfully routine, their future idly in the hands of fate. Only the girl and young scafarer feel that there should be something else, something better, in store for themselves and these others. The old work-woman sits quietly aside.

The city far below arouses their curiosity, but the great door is interposed. They take stock of one another and of one another's lives and philosophies, and in the stock-taking come to verbal blows. In the midst of their exacerbation, a fanfare is suddenly heard from the city. Peering over the lower wall, now that the light has begun to lift, they take in the view. The city reminds one of the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, which Lady Loxfield allows she found frightfully tiring. And so, variously, the doubtful others, save the young working girl who sees in it possibly something else. And, surprisingly, Lady Loxfield's young daughter too. The old work-woman still sits quietly aside.

The working girl Alice demands of the silent Joe, the seafarer, why he is skeptical. He replies that he has seen places before that looked just as good from a long way off and that made you think you were sailing into Heaven, "but when you got inside 'em — God, they stank!" Sir George and the middle-class executives speculate on the financial, political and other practical aspects of the city's life, their doubts increasing. After all, the world they know is, they agree, a good enough world for them. And then, as suddenly as the fanfare, the great door in the tower begins slowly to open. The light, as if from a new sun, gradually floods the scene. The group decides it may be well to explore and descends into the city, Joe still voicing his skepticism that, like all the other mirages of hope he has seen, it will turn out, for all its surface air of beauty, to be "all ribs and running sores."

II

The second act opens with the return of some of the explorers. The representatives of the nobility and the middle-class, save one, have not been impressed. The city looked all right, but the happiness of its inhabitants struck them as spurious.

And as for its social, political and economic theories — well, while they seemed to work all right and make the people smilingly contented and at peace with each other and the world, they simply couldn't work that way elsewhere. It would be ruinous to the existing order, which, they repeat, has been satisfactory enough for them. Such doctrines as social justice, the equal distribution of wealth, pleasures for one and all, public ownership, no condescending private charities and the like would never do. They wonder what the others will say.

One by one the stragglers return. Alice is enthusiastic; she has seen a vision come true. Joe, also, is deeply impressed; he has seen something, he says, that he never expected to see, something he'd given up all hope of seeing — a real city at last. Mrs. Batley, the old workwoman, steals in, finds the basket she had left behind, and as quietly descends into the city again, pausing only to remark that when she first saw "all them children comin' out o' them fine houses an' all their mothers lookin' so nice an' smilin' an' everything so clean an' pretty, I could 'ave cried," and to confide that "they've given me as nice a bedroom as ever you saw; all to me-self too; first I've ever 'ad all to meself." Stritton, the hesitant mid-

dle-class representative who had lingered behind, comes through the door; what he has seen, he allows, has moved him to some doubts about the old way of things, but his wife indignantly makes him follow her back into the world they came from. And all save Joe and Alice presently follow in their footsteps, glad to return to the life they know and are accustomed to. But where, demands Lady Loxfield, is her young daughter, and finds that the latter has decided to cast her lot with the people of the city.

Again the fanfare of distant trumpets. Joe looks around for Alice, not having observed her disappearance. She had eagerly slipped down into the city again. As he looks around, the great door, to his horror, begins slowly to close. He flings himself against it and, in the nick of time, Alice squeezes through. The door is now shut and the twain have lost all chance to see the city of mankind's dreams again, a city "where people don't work to keep themselves out of the gutter but work because they can see their life growing, where life isn't a dog fight around a dustbin," but something great and big and prideful and happy, where people aren't "passing the time waiting for the undertaker" but savoring of life every hour of the day.

But why, then, Alice wonders, did Joe remain on the tower; why didn't he move before the great door closed? Joe replies that once he had made up his mind and had come out he didn't dare go back. "Why shouldn't you have stayed?" demands Alice.

Joe looks at her, hard. Somebody, he says, has to go back and tell what they have seen and make the doubting world believe what otherwise it might not, though far and wide there are men who want to believe. Somebody, says Joe, *has* to tell it and all these men who hope that there should be not just one such city but ten thousand, where men and women are not slaves to greed, "where nobody carries a whip and nobody rattles a chain," where men may emerge from "the darkness of their caves and feel again the warmth of the sunlight, where they are out and free at last!"

Or, in the words of Whitman, "I dreamt in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole earth. I dreamt that was the new city of Friends."

"Come on, Joe," calls Alice, her hand in his, "let's get going."

And as night settles peacefully over the city below, the fanfare of its trumpets sounds again over the horizon.

III

It is easy to foresee some of the criticisms of the play. The chief one, here and there lodged against it when it was shown in London, will be that the characters merely speak about the city and that the audience should see it and not have to take the characters' word for it. This strikes me as fallacy. It is the argument of critics who do not want drama so much as they want a production. No question of *scène à faire* is involved, since the imagination supplies it very much more satisfactorily than the stage could show it and since, further, any actual presentation of the city would unavoidably minimize the effect of the succeeding act. The drama successfully offers numerous examples of similar refusals to show such scenes. To demand their showing is the province of movie, not drama, critics.

It will also probably be argued in deprecation that the induction to the play suggests that of *Outward Bound*. That it does so superficially is to be granted, but only superficially.

Moreover, the characters here are not dead, save perhaps figura-

tively, but alive. (Furthermore and purely incidentally, the idea of characters not realizing they are dead was not original to the Sutton Vane play but had been employed before in a play by Conan Doyle published many years earlier in the old *Smart Set* and in *The Phantom Legion*, produced in the Playhouse, as I recall, some twenty-five or so years ago.)

There will, too, undoubtedly from the Right Wing be the usual recriminations as to the play's communism. But there seems to me to be far less communism in Priestley's scheme than humanitarianism. His man with the red beard may as well be an implication of Christ as of a red Russian.

That the play may have certain faults, I do not gainsay. But above its faults it rings loud and clear and strong, and in its final passages boasts an eloquence such as has not lately been heard from our stage. It may easily be wrecked by careless casting and over-elaborate production, which Priestley himself cautions against. Yet if it is cast shrewdly and produced simply it should provide an interesting new dramatic evening in a theatre that at present certainly can stand one.

THE most lasting monuments are the paper monuments.

—THOMAS FULLER

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

The Beaver

To know how vividly one animal impressed itself upon the consciousness of pioneer America, it is necessary only to look in a gazetteer under "B." There, in row on row of place-names, are Beaver Dam and Beaver Creek and Beaver Falls and Beaver City, Beaver Lake, Beaverkill, Beaver Pond,

Beaver River, Beaver Springs . . . a list that could not be printed on a full page of this magazine.

From the earliest settlement of North America, the beaver fascinated and impressed his beholders. This gigantic gnawer, with an over-all length of nearly four feet and a weight running sometimes to



Beaver

Frank Utpatel

more than seventy pounds, possessed such skill in felling trees and building dams, such engineering genius in a variety of communal earthworks and waterworks, that he was watched with awe and wonder. A pioneer people named their villages and highway-trails and creeks in honor of *Castor canadensis* and his relatives. They trapped him for his hide, ate his flesh, and looked upon his incredible dams and marvelled and praised God. The name of beaver came to be a common word in the American speech, and the skills of beaver grew in popular imagination to the fantasticality of a tale about Paul Bunyan.

It is not possible, in less than a book, to recite the natural history of beavers. They are animals whose ways are too many and variant and intricate to be told in a brief space. But it is possible to dispel some of the myth that has gathered about them, and to present some outline of their actual lives. The truth about beavers, as about other animals, is at least as wonderful as the romancings that have sprung from it. If a beaver does not (as old engravings have it) walk upright like a man and carry neatly baled bundles of sticks tied together with a knotted water-reed, the mammoth rodent with the orange-fronted incisors and the spe-

cial double claw for combing its fur does in truth do many things as singular. If beavers do not think and plan in analytical human fashion, they do possess to a perhaps unique degree the intricate mixture of instincts, insights and subconscious knowings which serve the animals as wisdom.

Beavers' lives are concerned with four principal and peculiar activities: the building of a dam, whereby a shallow pond or a running stream is backed up to make a pond which shall be deep enough not to freeze to the bottom in winter, and which shall be a storage-place for food and a refuge from enemies; the making of a lodge, which shall be the communal family home and shelter; the felling of trees, which shall serve as food or as architectural material; and the digging of canals to float logs from distant places to the pond. Not every beaver colony works in the same way; not every individual beaver in a colony conforms identically to pattern. (There are, for example, "bank-beavers," which build no lodge but make a deep burrow in the bank by a waterway. They are not a different species, but individuals that have adapted themselves to peculiar circumstances: a stream too swift for damming, for example, but located in too well-

supplied a food-territory to be abandoned). Beaver life is full of exceptions and variations. It must be described in general terms.

When the dam-site has been chosen, with attention not only to prevalence of nearby food-woods, such as aspen or cottonwood or willow, but also with a subtle animal-understanding of the nature of the terrain and the current of the stream — (an understanding so deep that engineers, surveying for a dam-site, have often found their finally-chosen location already marked by a beaver-dam) — there begins the labor of building. Legend has it that the beavers' first act is to fell a tree across the waterway. This is not true. What customarily happens is that the broad-tailed furry swimmers, whose valvular nostrils and slow respiration allow them to remain under water for nearly ten minutes at a time, begin cutting willow or alder branches, carrying them to the bottom of the stream, and there firmly fixing them with their butt ends upstream. To this brush layer, the beavers add mud, gravel and stones, scooping the material from the bottom above the dam. Then another layer of brush and saplings, then more mud and stones; layer by layer until the dam is as high as the beavers feel necessary.

Such height is not often much more than five feet, at least at first. The newly built dam customarily leaks somewhat. This the beavers remedy by chinking with mud and sods; and the muddying above the dam, as a consequence of the beavers' activity, sends a constant silt drifting against the dam and finally seals it. No beaver dam, strictly speaking, is ever finished. The beavers are perpetually repairing it, lengthening it, or otherwise working on it as the seasons pass. Those seasons may be very many. Generation succeeds generation among the beavers, and still the dam is ever kept in repair and enlarged. The dam which forms Beaver Lake in Yellowstone Park has grown to be nearly eleven hundred feet long. Agassiz investigated a dam that was cut into by men wishing to drain the pond it formed. By study of the soil and vegetable structure, as cutting proceeded deeper and deeper, Agassiz determined that the base of the dam had been laid down by beavers working a thousand years ago.

II

The beavers' lodge is commonly a domed structure standing in the beaver-pond away from shore. In starting to build it, the beavers

seek a natural foundation, perhaps a small natural island, but if this is not available they build their own stout foundation by scooping up mud and stones and making a platform of them. Upon this they pile sticks and logs and branches, weighting and chinking them, as they go, with mud and stones. The lodge appears a haphazard building; but it displays one scrupulous caution. At one point in the top, no mud is placed. There is left an uncemented opening, where air may pass through the higgledy-piggledy sticks. That is the beavers' ventilator. The entrances to the lodge are made from under water, at a depth below freezing, and the beaver simply bites and chews his way upward through the mounded sticks, making first a tunnel and then, above water-level, an enlarged living-room as big as may be required. The beavers' lodge, like their dam, may attain immense proportions. Many are thirty-five feet across, reach six or seven feet above water, and have entrances and living-rooms for nearly a dozen beavers.

Beavers' felling of trees occurs chiefly in the later summer and autumn, when it is time to store winter food. Just as the dam, contrary to legend, is not started by the felling of a tree, and just as the beaver does not use his tail to drive

stakes to secure the lodge on its foundation, so is beavers' tree-felling rather different from the myths that have grown about it. Seldom if ever does a beaver cut a tree with the intention that it fall in a particular direction; nor do beavers avail themselves of wind-stress. Sometimes beavers cut all around a trunk; sometimes they gnaw one side only. Sometimes, working on small trees, they nibble out the wood in little chips; in other instances they make incisions eight or nine inches apart and then rip out the wood between the two points in a tremendous chunk. If many beaver-legends are not true, the truth is always as arresting. Beavers can and do cut down trees as much as three and one-half feet in diameter. A single beaver can and does fell an aspen five inches thick, cut it into six-foot sections, and haul them to the water, all in one night. In carrying a section of felled sapling, a beaver does sometimes hold the end in his mouth and carry the burden slung over his shoulder. The felled wood has two purposes. Big logs are placed on top of the lodge before winter comes, to hold it firm, and logs may be used to reinforce the dam. Largely, however, the wood is food. Beavers eat not only bark, but also to some

extent wood itself. While both wood and bark are summer-filled with nourishment, they must be stored as winter food-supply.

If beavers can fell trees and cut them into logs near the pond, they drag them or roll them or haul them to the water, float them to the food pile, and then dive down and store them on the bottom. A few green woods, when wet, will stay on the bottom of themselves; others must be weighted with mud and stones. Never — to dispel another legend — does a beaver “suck the air” from logs to sink them. When the wood-cutting place is far from the pond, the beavers construct canals on which to float their cuttings. It is an odder thing, surely, than any folk-myth, that such canals may in truth be 750 feet long, may contain two or even three water-levels, and are constructed with the same deep “animal-understanding” that pervades all beaver life.

The dam: the lodge: the felling and cutting of timber; the canals. That is the skeletal story of beavers’ activity, but it is only skeletal. There are a thousand other oddities, curiosities, problems and profound mysteries. There is the communication amongst beavers by tail-thumping: a subject not yet well understood. There is the com-

munication by “sign heaps”: little round cakes of mud placed in the shallows or on shore, anointed with the castoreum which beavers carry in two pairs of glands. Beavers are not “as busy as beavers” most of the time; like other wild animals they like to loaf and to play. Often, around an anointed “sign heap,” they gather to play rough-and-tumbles or to stretch out and drowse. They are of a peaceful nature. Their life is work and play, with little to disturb its harmony.

Disregarding falsifiers, sticking to facts, a man who looks out over a beaver-pond in the moonlight — the beaver’s favorite work-time — must still be extraordinarily moved. All this purposeful felling and chopping, this wise building and this wise repairing, going on by the glimmering light of the moon . . . who shall explain it or give account of it? Alone in the balsam-pungent night woods, a man readily loses his accustomed kind of thinking and reverts to an earlier understanding that is nearer poetry. It is not hard for him then to feel, as Indians do, that the beavers are but moved and guided by the indwelling of that Great Mystery of which every fir-tree, every pond-wet willow-stem, every aspect of the brooding solitude, is an operation and an evidence.

THE LIBRARY

Litvinoff: Fantasy as Biography

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, who has a habit of signing letters in vindication of wholesale executions and other totalitarian methods in Russia with the title, at once pompous and inappropriate, of Chairman of the Committee for National Morale, has now branched out into the biographical field. His extraordinary blurb, entitled *Maxim Litvinoff*,¹ has won him two distinctions at one bound. In its extravagant and indiscriminating eulogy of its subject it puts him in a class with that legendary biographer of George Washington and the cherry tree, Parson Weems. And it shares a peculiar distinction with such fictional approaches to the Soviet Union as the works of the Dean of Canterbury, the Webbs, Emil Ludwig and Lion Feuchtwanger, all quoted in a bibliography that leaves out every work on Russia, however buttressed with personal experience and research, that is predominantly critical. One would have to write a

book of approximately equal length to correct and expose all the false statements, misleading innuendoes and cockeyed interpretations of Soviet institutions, motives and policies in which the book abounds.

The worst of books, like the worst of men, usually have something that can fairly be said on their behalf. In a work of over 500 pages the author has put together with reasonable accuracy the main known facts of Litvinoff's personal life. Occasionally a bit of factual reporting even gets in the way of the dream-picture of Litvinoff and of the Soviet régime that Mr. Pope, the expert in Iranian art, tries to paint. So one learns that Litvinoff lives in a villa outside of Moscow where the grounds are enclosed in a green fence "behind which six or eight OGPU guards were always on duty." One idly wonders whether these minions devoted most of their time and energy to guarding Litvinoff or to watching him and his visitors.

¹ \$3.50. L. B. Fischer.

When Mr. Pope is content to reap where more diligent and original historians have sown, to cite published speeches and documents, to repeat standard newspaper reports of events, he succeeds in reconstructing with fair success some aspects of Soviet diplomatic history. Unfortunately he constantly yields to the temptation to fly off on the wings of Pegasus, to indulge in his weakness for repeating dubious gossip under such camouflage as "according to a credibly sponsored story," for offering personal interpretations which add up, with monotonous regularity, to the conclusion that Stalin is right at least 99 per cent of the time and that other countries, Mr. Pope's own included, have been 99 per cent wrong in their dealings with the Soviet Union.

Mr. Pope lays on his eulogies of Litvinoff after the fashion of an amateur bricklayer, wielding his trowel with more zeal than discretion. The ex-revolutionary gun-runner, the ex-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, the ex-Ambassador to Washington, is credited with the most extraordinary and unusual assortment of virtues and talents and qualities ever combined in mortal man. He is endowed with the idealism of a Tolstoy and the subtlety of a Talleyrand.

Whatever he does, in the opinion of his admiring Boswell, is superlatively right. If he advocates total disarmament, he is noble. If he tries to provoke quarrels among capitalist nations by dangling before their eyes the illusory prospects of rich trade and profitable investment in Russia and making unconsciously funny remarks, such as "Capital would be safer in Soviet Russia than in any capitalistic country in the world," he is smart. When Litvinoff preaches "the indivisibility of peace" to long and credulous ears like those of Mr. Pope, and to a muted accompaniment of Stalin negotiating for his deal with Hitler through David Kandelaki and other secret agents in Berlin, he is magnificently idealistic.

And when Litvinoff, according to Mr. Pope's presumably authorized version of events, steps out of office at his own request and endorses the policy of making a pact with Hitler that might "localize" the war, he is again smart.

The biography is studded with lapses into admiring hero-worship couched in such lush terms as the following:

It is not sentimental or exaggerated to see in the Litvinoff of the long battle for collective security more than a hint of the tragic hero as conceived in classical literature. . . . The career and

achievements of Maxim Litvinoff are thus of the highest character and worthy of as unqualified approval as could be given to any human being who has had to work in such confused and difficult situations. . . . His courage is limitless. There is no sign that fear has ever been a motive in his decisions or actions.

II

Mr. Pope doubtless wrote all this drivel with the best of intentions. But one may doubt whether his publishers will receive a request for Russian translation rights on this biography. One doubts whether Litvinoff, now again presumably living in the villa where the six or eight OGPU guards are always on duty, will appreciate the embarrassing spotlight that is thrown on him. Stalin doesn't like spotlight on his subordinates.

As a matter of fact this portrait of Litvinoff as an individual idealist battling with the forces of evil is completely phony. It assumes that any official under Stalin can initiate and promote a policy of his own, rather than carry out the orders of the dictator. It overlooks the fact that Litvinoff entered the League and championed collective security *after* Hitler took power and began to arm Germany at a terrific tempo. In the preceding years Litvinoff, like all other Soviet officials,

had only insults for the League.

Besides, a gullible reader might lay down Mr. Pope's book with the feeling that here was the story of a master builder in international affairs. But the truth is that Litvinoff, although he has been a shrewd, capable, hardboiled and hardworking diplomatic executive, has failed in most of the larger projects which he has undertaken. In some cases the reasons for his failure were partly or entirely beyond his control; but the verdict must stand unchanged.

Litvinoff did not succeed in attracting foreign capital into Russia. He did not convert Stalin to his own view as to the indivisibility of peace.

His dismissal as Commissar for Foreign Affairs was the symbol of one failure, of the complete throwing over by the Soviet Government of any pretense of respect for international obligations, such as treaties of non-aggression. His dismissal from the post of Soviet Ambassador at Washington was the sign of another failure: he had been unable to induce our political and military leaders to undertake a "second front" operation until military conditions were ripe for such a move.

Because of his public declamations from the Geneva forum Lit-

vinoff's name is associated with the ideals of disarmament and collective security. How far he believes in these ideals is a question for his own mind and conscience. But he has certainly failed to make the Government which he represented for so many years a stalwart and uncompromising champion of these ideals. A notorious fellow-traveller was recently challenged in a debate to name one recent statement by Stalin in favor of disarmament or collective security. The challenge was not met. Both these ideals are antipathetic to the very nature of the totalitarian state, with its instinctive tendency to be isolationist in international politics and self-sufficient in economics.

To try to count the factual errors and the still more numerous evidences of bias in Mr. Pope's book would be as impossible a task as to number the grains of sand on a sea-shore.

Stalin, for instance, is described as "a Russian workingman," although he is not a Russian and has never done any regular manual work. Trotsky's fall is reduced to a neat little formula: "He had to be eliminated." By whom this decision was made and by what methods the elimination, completed with the gangster murder in Mexico, was accomplished, is

left in the shadows. It is false to say that the Soviet invasion of Poland in 1939 was effected "without encountering opposition," although the possibilities of such opposition were greatly curtailed as a result of Stalin's deal with Hitler, and the previous German invasion of Poland. "A surprise attack by way of Poland had been prevented by the Russian annexation of part of Poland," writes Mr. Pope, in magnificent disregard of the surprise attack that was launched by Hitler on June 22, 1941. Finland joined in the war against Russia in 1941 "without provocation," as if the Soviet invasion of 1939-40, the seizure of indisputably Finnish territory, the continual subsequent meddling in Finnish internal affairs did not figure in the situation. The Party line throughout Russia after the pact with Hitler continued to be "Germany is our real enemy," according to Mr. Pope. But for some inexplicable reason this was not the "line" of Communist Parties outside of Russia.

But why go on? Under the guise of biography and history Mr. Pope has created a dream picture of recent world events that would eclipse the wildest fantasies of Iranian art, and established a new low in literary sycophancy.

Bohemian Low Life

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS

EXCEPT for the social meaning he obviously attaches to his story, Albert Halper's new novel¹ is a pretty routine version of bohemian low life. Set in Greenwich Village, that Utopia of the frustrated epicure, the plot follows the standard formula of sex and art, merging the two so that one can hardly tell where sex ends and art begins. And, of course, there is the big-city mood of being in the know about everything yet utterly helpless in running one's personal affairs.

But somehow Halper's account of pseudo-intellectual life in the raw lacks the sparkle and wit that the subject calls for. For Halper has weighed down his wispy characters with a moral of frustration, so that after all their carefree escapades and fancy talk about art they turn out to be just homespun "little people" caught in the snares of the metropolis. Hence the net effect of the novel is that of a hybrid, as it shuttles between ordinary entertainment and a vehicle for a few pointed sighs about the state of the world. In a kind of hangover from the social interests of the thirties, Halper sees the

fuzzy shapes of people as making up a pattern of profound social import.

The events of the novel move mostly about Dorothy Lynch, an adventuress who never strays too far from home, and her life-and-death struggles to earn her living, to keep more or less on the sober side, fill her night life to the brim, and avoid marrying her most abject and best-intentioned lover. After her initiation into the rites of bohemia in an evening art school, Dorothy runs breathlessly through several affairs and near-affairs, mostly off-stage, her big fling being with a boogie-woogie drummer fresh from a small, Midwest town, and now on the make in New York. But her deeper love-life may be said to begin and end with Frank Keenan, a sort of spiritual malingerer, with a natural bent for the simple and good life, who finds himself out of his element and ever uneasy in the haunts of the village. And like the paragon of good will that Halper evidently intends him to be, Frank waits with hang-dog patience for Dorothy to come back to him.

The two other characters who figure at all in the entanglements are a loose-jointed couple who apparently make up the married counterpart to Frank and Dorothy. Sam Gluckman, a Broadway press-agent

¹ Only *An Inch From Glory*. \$2.50. Harper.

who fancies himself a playwright, is constantly straining at the domestic leash, and just pining away to have an underground affair with Dorothy. His wife, Anna, remains throughout the mute and plaintive mate. And, just as Dorothy enacts the bohemian pleasure-principle in her busy love-life, so Gluckman provides the intellectual atmosphere with a few sophisticated barbs at the dramatists who have arrived and some left-liberal remarks about current affairs. A round of cocktail parties, an attempt at suicide in a plane, and an outdoor murder help keep the four figures whirling about each other — until the violent and melodramatic resolution at the end.

All this could conceivably make for good reading. But we cannot forget that Halper has a message to put over, which he does by having us see the story through the eyes of Frank Keenan, the favored little man of the thirties who just oozed sweetness and light, and of course, suffering. Even so, some of the iron has been taken out of Frank. No longer weighed down by society as a whole, nor inclined to remake it, Frank is now reduced to playing the part of conscience to the playboys of the art world.

This half-hearted effort to squeeze some social sentiment out of his

story suggests the uprooted writer. And the fact is that Halper is a survivor of that ill-fated literary movement of the thirties that for a brief spell rode the wave of radical feeling. These social-minded writers of the last decade became a truly "lost generation," perhaps even more tragically so than their famed predecessors in the twenties. Whatever talent some of them may have brought to the surface could not conceal the fact that their work was artificially inspired.

Halper, to be sure, is neither the most typical nor the outstanding figure of that trend in the thirties. In fact he kept his distance from the literati of the organized left and their more extreme notions. Still, he could not help but bear the marks of his generation, and this last book of his, as well as the ups and downs of his career, show up its plight. His earlier work, *Union Square*, which made a stir in the thirties, was in the accepted realistic vein, biting into the social ills and follies of New York life. Now, in *Only An Inch From Glory*, Halper employs the same candid-camera realism, the same inch-by-inch filling in of his canvas, and the same piety about good and evil in the world at large. This realism is now as out-of-date as some of the theories that inspired it.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 644)

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA, *An Interpretation*, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$2.75. Scribner's. The soberest, most factual summary of Russian realities to be published here since the author's own *Russia's Iron Age*. While Chamberlin bends backward to be fair to Soviet economic and political claims, he does not permit the current fashionable pro-Sovietism to deter him from stating the more distressing facts. The volume is up-to-date, covering Russia's war showing, and ends with an analysis of the country's ambitions for the postwar period.

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN, by Albert Jay Nock. \$3.00. Harper. This is the record of the growth and hardening of a set of attitudes, more than an autobiography. It is guaranteed to make the ordinary reader — the fellow, that is to say, somewhere between the *élite* for whom the author speaks and the subhuman masses to whom he doesn't deign to speak — hopping mad. Part of the anger will be induced, of course, by the admixture of unpleasant truths in this harsh, captious, opinionated, very superior asseveration. Mr. Nock has little good to say about the human race or any of its individual exemplars, but he does not allow the mess to annoy him. From the heights where he dwells the human ants look too small for serious attention, and he gives them only the tolerance of mild contempt.

BROWN AMERICANS. THE STORY OF A TENTH OF THE NATION, by Edwin R. Embree. \$2.75. Viking. This is a complete rewriting of the author's excellent *Brown America*, first published in 1931. The author, one of the country's foremost authorities on the Negro problem, says that "Negroes are no longer so humble as they used to be. Today they are not so much asking for fair

treatment as demanding their rights as citizens in a democracy."

THE REPUBLIC: CONVERSATIONS ON FUNDAMENTALS, by Charles A. Beard. \$3.00. Macmillan. The dean of American historians here indulges in a Platonic dialogue, in which he ranges over the entire gamut of political principles, giving special attention to the American application of them. He knocks down one "authority" after another — taking particular delight in doing so to Oswald Spengler — and at the end he makes a moving plea for "a combination of faith and knowledge" in order to continue our democratic heritage. A truly brilliant book, gleaming with profound suggestions on every page.

PARIS-UNDERGROUND, by Etta Shiber. \$2.50. Scribner's. The exciting adventures of an American widow who, living in Paris during the German occupation, managed to smuggle many English soldiers across the Vichy line. The heroism of her companion, still in a German prison camp, and of a French priest will not soon be forgotten. A tale to equal the *Scarlet Pimpernel* and one that should have a wide reading.

NEW POEMS 1943, edited by Oscar Williams. \$2.75. Howell, Soskin. An able anthology of British and American verse, compiled by a poet of considerable power. Some of the usual names are represented — W. H. Auden, John Berryman, R. P. Blackmur, E. E. Cummings, Robert Frost, Robert Graves, Archibald MacLeish, Muriel Rukeyser, Karl Shapiro, Stephen Spender and Allan Tate. But there are also lesser known poets. The average of the whole, unfortunately, is not high, but the editor had mediocre material to choose from.

(Continued on page 765)

THE OPEN FORUM

A COMMON ANGLO-AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP?

In his speech at Harvard, at the time the university awarded him an honorary LL.D., Prime Minister Churchill suggested the establishment of a common citizenship for all English speaking peoples. The idea has such profound implications for the future of the world that the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY sought the opinions of prominent and representative Americans. The replies of some of them follow. Others will be printed in future issues.

SIR: I should personally go along with Prime Minister Churchill in his suggestion that ultimately there should be a common citizenship for all English-speaking peoples. This does not to my mind imply a common government or any surrender of national sovereignty. It simply recognizes once and for all the fact that in spite of differences and family quarrels we belong together in a sense that is not true of any other two nations in the world. It is, so to speak, a formal assertion of that fact.

Such an assertion from a practical standpoint could probably not come immediately. Perhaps it should not come immediately. One thing we must have or there will never be any security in the world again, and that is the continuation of a partnership, however described, between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America. This is the cornerstone of a lasting peace as it is the cornerstone of a new world order. With that cornerstone firmly laid the world can be kept at peace for a very long time. Without it I see only darkness and despair.

HARRY WOODBURN CHASE,
Chancellor

New York University,
New York City.

SIR: The American people might well run an ad — "WANTED, A Definite Clear Cut

Statement of the Principles of Our Foreign Policy By The President."

Of course, it is impossible to go into details, but we are at least entitled to know whether the veiled and recent ambiguous statements of administration spokesmen and the obvious knowledge and approval of the Churchill speech before it was made is a trial balloon for the old discredited balance-of-power military alliance.

Mr. Churchill said it was to last for a good many years. Once started, how are we going to unscramble the eggs? Where is the stopping place, if any? His suggestion of a common citizenship is weighted with deep significance. It implies a political, economic and military merger of England and America — in short a complete oneness. I am not willing to swallow that pill.

Of course, we have got to work with Britain financially, economically, politically and otherwise. There is a deep feeling of sympathy and admiration in America for the British people. They will find little difficulty in a real and genuine spirit of cooperation in helping them meet their problems. We expect them to follow any course that is for the best interest of England and the British Empire. There are fundamental traits of character, sincere belief of democracy, love of personal freedom, belief in government by law rather than by men and other characteristics which we hold in

common. And it is in our interest that the British Empire endure on a sound basis. The British are hard traders and shrewd traders, but they are honest traders.

But to quote Clarence K. Streit of Union Now, speaking of his years covering the League at Geneva as a reporter, "I learned there, too, that the defects inevitable in such mechanism when stretched to cover all the world at this stage cannot be overcome by mere alliance between some of the more powerful members, and that this way out is a way to war."

While there is great need for plain speaking, we must at the same time bear in mind the peril of provoking ill feeling between Allies at this stage of the game and also of distrust against our leaders. But both the Churchill speech and Mr. Roosevelt's Fourth Term candidacy compel plain talk. There has been too much star-gazing talk. Foreigners read into it all sorts of Santa Claus stuff and after it is all over and we don't make good those golden promises they will revile us—and rightly.

And we have no business promising what any sensible person ought to know we can't deliver. This business of promising all sorts of good things to all sorts of countries after the war at the expense of the American taxpayer could be tragic for us. It must not be. Which brings us irrevocably to what I said at the outset. A definite clearcut statement by the President of the principles of our foreign policy is urgently needed.

ALF M. LONDON

Topeka,
Kansas.

SIR: In *The Heritage of Henry Adams*, Brooks Adams' introduction to Henry Adams' *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, which was published in 1919, many will recall Brooks Adams' typically atrabilious comment on the possible reunion of Great Britain and America:

"Henry, in *Phase*, reached a conclusion which even I thought exaggerated. He in 1912 named the year 1917 as the date at

which a probably revolutionary acceleration of thought would take place, and in fact in that year America was drawn into the war by the resistless attraction of the British economic system, and today Great Britain and America, like the parts of some gigantic saurian which has been severed in a prehistoric contest, seem half unconsciously to be trying to unite in an economic organism, perhaps to be controlled by a syndicate of bankers who will direct the movements of the putative governments of this enormous aggregation of vested interests independent of the popular will."

I needn't go into Brooks Adams' *idée fixe* as to vested interests, bankers, etc.—which of course is quite remarkably like Hitler's obsession with the interlocking directorates of the "pluto-democracies"—but the interesting thing is the admission, even if reluctant and hostile, of what seemed to Adams an emerging and perhaps portentous fact, and as long ago as 1919. That it *is* a fact, and that it is also portentous, but in the opposite sense, I personally haven't, and never have had, the slightest doubt.

The separation of the colonies from the mother country in 1776 was of course one of the great creative actions in the evolution of democracy: but what we tend to forget is that its consequences were as fruitful and energizing for England as for ourselves. The moral, social, and political, if not the economic, *rapprochement* between the two countries has gone on, with minor interruptions, ever since; and that they must again come together seems to me as necessary as it is inevitable.

The reunion of the two English-speaking democracies will be an even more profoundly creative action than the severance. And its benefits will by no means be limited to ourselves and the English—it should give spiritual impetus, as well as practical stability, to the hope which we all share of a unified mankind.

CONRAD AIKEN

Brewster,
Massachusetts.

SIR: I failed to read into Mr. Churchill's speech at Harvard some of the things which have been since interpreted to it. Undoubtedly some of this is due to the hysteria of war. But if there is any question of the United States at any time in the future surrendering any part of its complete sovereignty and independence, I would not only oppose it bitterly, but I believe that the entire American people would also do so.

There can be no question of the value of an offensive and defensive alliance so long as it is necessary. I shall always hope for better understanding and the closest possible friendly alliance with our English-speaking cousins, but I do not believe for a moment that the British themselves want anything more than such an alliance. It must also be remembered that the British have many commitments and treaties into which we have not and will not enter. This nation must, in the future, be free to make its own international agreements, and as twice in the last twenty-five years we have voluntarily united with the other English-speaking peoples, I feel that there can be no question of our good faith.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

New York City.

SIR: I seriously doubt either the practicality or desirability of "a common citizenship for all English speaking peoples." Short of a union of English speaking peoples, such common citizenship would have very little meaning, would be chiefly complimentary, could imply little more than that it would be easy to change one's actual citizenship by naturalization — as one changes residence now from state to state here.

It is also difficult to see how there could be a primary "English speaking" citizenship without producing trouble in such secondary citizenship as Australian, Canadian, United States, etc. Such a citizenship would mean, if it meant anything, that all English speaking people would stand together in international matters, as a self-appointed *Imperium Anglicanum*. I see no promise in a "new order" on that basis, and I fear plenty of opposition

to it. Wouldn't it be likely to incite to, say, "A Union of Slavic Speaking Peoples," to suggest the politico-philological possibilities by a single example?

I very much doubt if Mr. Churchill meant boldly "a common citizenship." Perhaps he meant little more than that the English speaking peoples should seek increasingly close and harmonious relations. Such comity is evidently desirable and I believe attainable without running the somewhat ambiguous status of *Civis Romanus*.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*Washington Crossing,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: The suggestion of a common citizenship for all English speaking peoples does not seem practical, although it is ideally commendable, if viewed as a step towards world citizenship and not as a prop for the British Empire. It would seem, moreover, that voluntary and spontaneous association of the United States and England based on common ideals and standards, such as has existed and proved effective in the past and the present, will also offer greater hope for the future than any approach toward a formal alliance, which may arouse antagonisms elsewhere.

LYNN THORNDIKE

*Columbia University,
New York City.*

SIR: Naturally I have been much interested in the suggestion of Prime Minister Churchill of a common citizenship for all English speaking peoples. The idea is attractive especially to people of English ancestry; but it seems to me it is much more important to establish some form of world government that will be started at least by the United Nations and that will allow each country to make its own contribution to the common good. It seems to me that the removal of trade barriers and the sharing of common economic problems would do more good than a common citizenship. In the long run we should look forward to a world where the English speaking peoples, to be sure, would have a very important

but not dominant rôle, and I think that if the citizens of the United States and the citizens of Great Britain and her Dominions retain their own citizenship and are willing to co-operate with the citizens of other nations, such a plan would be more effective in the long run.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS,
President

Bowdoin College,
Bowdoin,
Maine.

JAZZ FOR THE ILLITERATE

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Winthrop Sargeant (in "Is Jazz Music?", September issue) is taking jazz (and its later debased descendants such as "boogie-woogie") too seriously. Any intelligent person has only to listen every day for a week to a piece of quantity-produced commercial music of this kind to perceive its abysmal conventionality and emptiness. On the other hand, a really good and original tune such as *Dixie* or the *Washington Post March*, or *Deep River* or *Old Folks at Home* or *To a Wild Rose*, grows upon us with familiarity. And the more subtle melodies of the great composers require time and familiarity even to work themselves into our consciousness. Good music, in short, is original, rich, and not at first hearing obvious. Quantity-produced music is so conventional as to be understandable at once (only too much so!) but so hackneyed, empty, and poverty-stricken as to become quickly intolerable.

The life of a piece of jazz can usually be measured in weeks—certainly in months, while *Dixie* is still going strong after years. Jazz is turned out for immediate consumption, by rubber-stamp. Its relentless monotonous rhythm shows that. (Its supposed rhythmic subtleties are all superficial—the basis is machine-made thump, thump.) Not only in rhythm but also in harmony and melody it is formula stuff. Only in orchestration does it give room for individuality. But this, like Rimsky-Korsakoff's brilliant orchestration in another field, is only surface, and the inner essence, as so often with him, is trite and boring.

Jazz therefore may be summed up as the academic routine of the illiterate.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

New Canaan,
Connecticut.

IN THE RED

SIR: Since MERCURY readers have been educated to understand and relish the little ironies of fellow-traveling journalism, may I call your attention to two recent morsels, both of course concerned with Russia?

1. A Washington dispatch in the New York tabloid *PM* signed by Gardner Jackson makes a rather amazing complaint. Mr. Jackson lists four of the men who accompanied Secretary Hull to Moscow, then exposes the distressing fact that "three of the four with Hull are unequivocally hostile to the communist concept and to the Soviet State's version of that concept." How utterly sad, if not horrifying! The idea, I suppose, is that only Americans enthusiastic over the communist concept should negotiate for us with the Russians. I suppose, also, that all the Soviet representatives, by contrast, will be ardent partisans of the capitalist concept and its American embodiment.

2. Edgar Snow, a notorious partisan of everything communist, attempts to answer the question "Will Russia Fight Japan?" in the October 9 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He devotes the first three-quarters of his space to proving that Russian-Japanese conflicts of interest are very deep, thus leading the reader to believe that Russia will fight on our side in the Far East. Then, sort of casually, he states that "not till Japan is nearing collapse will the Soviet government call upon its people to intervene in a decisive way." Why didn't he say so at the outset, and there would have been no need to say anything else? At the time when "Japan is nearing collapse" we obviously will have no need of Russian help. Besides, at that time the decision will have been made, so that no one can intervene "in a decisive way."

JEROME GRIGGS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGAINST PLANNED RESEARCH

SIR: Waldemar Kaempffert's "Case for Planned Research" in the October issue does no service to the cause of science. Two aspects of the problem have usually been ignored in the arguments in favor of organizing scientific research. The first, and most important, is the fact that any attempt to organize research requires control over the human mind. This is tacitly admitted by Mr. Kaempffert himself when he writes of the Russian system of research: "It imposes on possible Einsteins a state ideology that impedes revolutionary thinking." The second aspect of the problem is the example of what government bureaus of science have done. Several of them have actually retarded the advancement of technology for the public benefit by resisting scientific theory. The most conspicuous is the Weather Bureau, which rejected the polar front theory

of forecasting until the army air mail fiasco revealed its antiquated methods and it was obliged to catch up with the methods developed by the private airlines.

What is needed in these discussions of the part a government should take in scientific research is a clear understanding of the nature of science, and what research really is. Senator Kilgore's bill defines as scientists or technologists all who have studied scientific subjects or worked for six months in "any scientific or technical vocation." Such a loose definition would not prevent the appointment of an utter incompetent to a responsible position, and reveals that those who drafted the bill do not know what a scientist is. But Mr. Kaempffert's conception is not much better. "This is obviously a war of scientists," he writes. It is not. It is a war in which the technological applications of scientific discovery

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FICTION

THE NIGHT OF THE SUMMER SOLDIER, selected by Mark Van Doren. \$2.50. *Holt*. A collection of Russian war stories well worth reading, mostly as vivid journalism and in a few instances for their literary values. More than any other belligerent people, the Russians have mobilized writing talent to report their war, not from headquarters but from the hottest centers of action. These stories, even where they are fictional, are terribly real.

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TRAGEDY AT LAW, by Cyril Hare. \$2.50. *Harcourt Brace*. The adventures of an English judge traveling the circuit in England. Mysterious happenings and an eventual murder hold the reader's suspense. Recommended to the intellectual fan.

THE GRINNING PIG, by Nap Lombard. \$2.00. *Simon and Schuster*. For those who want plenty of humor and numerous killings this story of murder in blacked-out England, with an adventurous couple solving the crime, is entertaining, though hardly credible.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher*, Lawrence E. Spivale, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Editor*, Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Managing Editor*, Charles Angoff, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Business Manager*, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

2. That the owners are: *The American Mercury, Inc.*; Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Eugene Lyons, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*.

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(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

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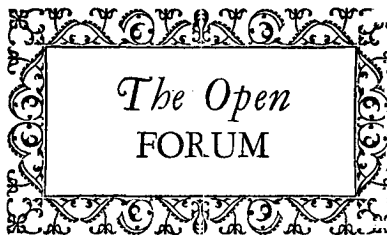
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(Continued from page 762)

are being exploited, and that was done by Archimedes in the siege of Syracuse, and will continue as long as wars are with us.

As John R. Baker has pointed out, in his excellent little book, *The Scientific Life*, science is a way of the mind, a cultural activity like art, music, or literature. In its essentials, science is the devotion to observed truth, the distrust of tradition and the willingness to verify by experiment.

The organization of science would be an attempt to channel all research to practical ends, and ultimately to deny the value of pure research. To paraphrase Henry Adams' remark about state education: "State science is a sort of dynamo machine for polarizing the energy of civilization; for turning its lines of force in the directions supposed to be most effective for state purposes." If science had been organized for the benefit of the state in Darwin's day, does anyone suppose that his researches would have received official support had it been suspected that such amateur studies of barnacles and other nonessential matters would upset our conception of the social structure?

While we are assured that the organization of science will be for the best, and that it will hasten progress; we should not forget that what is meant by progress is the material increase of our civilization, not the advancement of the human mind or spirit. Our organizers not only believe that we can achieve salvation from our economic dilemmas by control and organization, but that such organization in itself is salvation. Nothing could be more of a delusion, and its danger lies in the preoccupation with material values at the expense of our spiritual standard of living.

Whatever its technological by-products have been, science is above all the spirit of

mental free enterprise, the challenge thrown down by the human mind to the world in which it has found itself. Because it is so intimately the relation between the mind and its environment, the only true service to science is that same "perfect freedom" which is the life of religion. The government organization of science is as inimical to this spirit as a state church is to the freedom of religion.

JOEL W. HEDGPETH

Walnut Creek,
California.

MACHIAVELLI

SIR: It has been popular—and proper—for many years to excoriate Niccolo Machiavelli, whose policies for government have been held up as awful examples of all that is deceitful, wrong and wicked. I have read *The Prince* carefully, more than once. If there are any precepts therein that are not followed by rulers of States up to and including the present time—and that means now—I fail to find them. And I would be more than glad if any careful reader of *The Prince* would point them out. As Dr. Edwin Borchard has well said: "Group and individual morality are very different; only the rudiments of ethical thinking find a place in politics; and groups are not notably endowed with a conscience."

CHARLES W. BOWMAN

Brownsville,
Pennsylvania.

WATCH YOUR TRIBES

SIR: The excellent and informative article on Jim Thorpe in your August issue carries a misstatement that is glaring. Black Hawk is referred to as chief of the Chippewa tribe. Black Hawk, like his descendant, Mr. Thorpe, was a Sauk. Calling either of them a Chippewa is going to annoy the confederated tribes of Sauks and Foxes no end, and might not make the Chippewa happy. Indians are proud of leaders of their own tribes, but they don't care to be credited with chiefs who don't belong to them.

ALICE L. MARRIOTT

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